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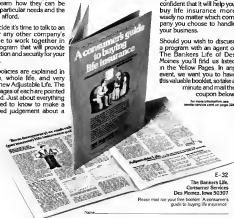
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## A CHANGE IN ETHICS

THIS IS Harry Stein's last month as our Ethics columnist. And I want you to know that I am going to miss him in that role as much as I imagine you will. As Mr. Ethics, he has shared with all of us more of his inner struggles, more of his personal life than any other current magazine columnist.

I first met Harry in June 1979 when he wandered into Eugene's office to meet "the guy from *Esquire*" who had taken over his favorite magazine. My first impression of him was that he had a sharp mind, a great sense of humor, and a strong opinion. What's more, I liked him and thought maybe we could be friends.

As I got to know Harry, I learned that he was born in New York, the son of Sada and Joe Stein. His parents' liberal views gave Harry a sense of commitment to society that first manifested itself in an anti-war newspaper that Harry published while attending Pomona College in Claremont, California, in the late Sixties. After graduating, he got his master's degree from the Columbia School of Journalism, and he worked as a law-later writer for various magazines. In 1976, in Paris, he helped start an English language biweekly called *The Paris Memo*. Although it failed financially, the *Memo* had an extraordinary social impact during the two years it was published. Harry returned to New York in 1978 and, among other things, began to write "A Day in the Life" for *Rainie*. When Harry and I first met, he wanted to do another column, I was looking for someone to write about the problems people face in modern-day America; somebody else suggested the name "Ethics", and thus it all began.

From the start, writing the Ethics column was tougher than Harry had expected. Tough so that it is a damn hard to capture both the essence of a moral dilemma and the drama of a moral decision in two thousand words, harder still to find a way to draw moral lines and not sound pompous and dogmatic. He finally resigned himself to the fact that each column



would take days and days and numerous false starts. He learned to use his twelve hours and to avoid ranting and raving; that the toughest part was that there was no way to avoid writing about his private life and about his friends. He wrote and had to take the consequences.

When Harry told readers that he was often appalled by the unprincipled behavior of some of his friends, you can imagine how those friends must have felt. One does not like to read an account of one's behavior offered to millions of readers as an example of despicable, self-serving action. But Harry always revealed as much about himself as about others. He described the moral dilemma facing him and the virtues he loved when they collided on an abstract life that told readers about a second personality and their decision to have the baby and get married. After the material birth of their daughter, he explored the confusing, conflicting feelings of being a parent—the rights and wrongs of living up to others' expectations. There were times when I advised him not to be so revealing, because I feared he would hurt people close to him; but Harry insisted that he had to put it all out there if he was going to be Mr. Ethics. And as retrodict, I think he was right.

About six months ago, Harry announced his intention to leave, pleading

other obligations—a long-overdue novel about the 1939 World Series and a screenplay in progress—and the possibility of spending a year in Ireland writing and enjoying the company of his wife and child. I cannot quarrel with the decision; there are times when it is right to seek renewal in the vitality of your personal life and to seek new challenges professionally. It is being ethical with yourself.

In the meantime, after conducting a six-month search for the right writer, we have decided to keep the Ethics tradition. Laurence Shames, known to *Esquire* readers mostly for his perceptive profiles (Shari Khan, Malcolm McDowell, Glenn Gould), will take over the column next month, and we look forward to his fresh views on ancient and modern problems of human behavior. But for now, I want simply to bid a warm farewell to Eugene's first Mr. Ethics. I am proud to call him my friend.

OUR COVER story this month, "How Would the U.S. Survive a Nuclear War?" (page 27), by Ed Zuckerman, had its beginnings a few years ago when Zuckerman, a reporter based in New York, was writing an article on civil defense and came across intriguing government documents about preparations for nuclear war. In order to study all aspects of the nuclear question, Zuckerman obtained a grant from the Allen Patterson Foundation, and our article is from the first chapter of a book he is completing for Viking. Certainly the most chilling aspect of the piece is how the ahead our "leaders" have thought and yet how narrow their vision is; how to think about the unthinkable may be the ultimate ethical problem facing our society.

Ethics in *Esquire*, then, does not mean abstract theorizing by word-beat philosophers. It means writers reacting to actual situations, both public and private, in a world that is often irrational and contradictory. The voices you hear in these pages may not always coincide, but in providing thoughts, they provide pleasure. Enjoy the issue.

—Philip Meffer



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## UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

BY ADAM SMITH

# WHY WE ARE PREYED UPON

*Our criminal class is becoming pervasive*

THERE WAS nothing to indicate that his dad was John Chase Wood Jr. At age thirty-one he was a resident in surgery at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, one of the nation's most prestigious hospitals. He was planning to specialize in pediatric surgery and had spent three years in a resident in pediatrics. Wood was a spirited, highly playful and a talented musician. Before attending Columbia College and Columbia's medical school, he had studied at the Juillard School of Music. He played the French horn expertly, could handle several other instruments, and had enjoyed sitting in on both classical and jazz sessions. Wood's wife, Diana Newson, a nurse, was eight and a half months pregnant with their first child. One November evening Wood was coming back from his dinner break, still wearing his white medical jacket and his green scrubs, when two young men stopped him and demanded his wallet. One of the men then fired a .22 into the side of Wood's chest, and an hour and a half later Wood died in his own hospital.

Maybe it was the image of the life-loving, rugby-playing doctor; maybe it was those thousands of hours of French horn practice and chemistry labs; maybe it was the image of the pregnant wife, or the waste of a capable surgeon; whatever the reason was, Wood's murder made an impact even in New York. Which is to say, the story was still in the newspapers a day after it was reported, and *The New York Times* sent a reporter into the neighborhood. ("You know, doctors have money," the reporter was told by a local.) Then there was the funeral at a nineteenth-century church in Lower Manhattan. New Jersey Chase Newton was left to leave her baby and everybody went back to work.

Frank E. Schen was thirty-eight, a bright associate at the distinguished New York law firm of Sherman & Sterling. He was walking with a friend early one Sat-



day evening when three muggers approached. Rude, handed over his wallet, then one of the mugged and said, "I don't like your face." and shoved a knife into Schen's chest and abdomen. Sherman & Sterling considered a cool, proper crime among his associates and partners expecting Schen's tragic death, assigned him work load, and returned to contracts, mergers, and acquisitions.

We grow numb to these incidents, even if other advanced industrialized countries do not. When a visiting British newspaper dealer was murdered by muggers in the streets of Baltimore, the British press wrote about it for a week. To foreign observers, many cities in the United States look like Beirut due to us. You could get killed just walking down the street. The latest year ending down the street, the statistics make us numb, too. In 1980, New York had 3,614 murders, which is triple the number of murders in all of Canada that year and on a par as many as occurred in Tokyo, where the crime rate is

declining. New York is not even our murder capital, it lags behind Miami and Houston and a number of booming Sun Belt cities. In some of our cities the residents act as if they were under attack. They alter their living habits, buy locks, buy guns, and sharpen their senses. A former contributing editor to this magazine, who had not done two and a half years of research with detectives, sociologists, and "inner city" people, was walking home with his wife one night when he noticed two young men loitering in a corner with no good in mind. He stood in the back of the middle of the busy thoroughfare and then bled a few even though he was only half a block from the door of his house.

We have always had violence in this country. "Violence," said Dickens across H. Rap Brown, "is an American made game." But violence did not usually touch the inner city and upper-middle classes—people like the readers of this magazine. What is different now is that the violence affects us. The statistics of violence have always been largely those of the more violent poor visiting miseries upon one another. In 1970, for example (the last year of last national statistics), one was less likely to be murdered if he was black.

Violence is also more random, an ever-growing proportion of murders involves killers who do not know their victims. We have always had fairly organized and vicious gangs that ended in death, you can buy a silver back buckle that commemorates the thirty-second slaughter known as the Garfield at the O.K. Corral. Since the Sixties, murder at the hands of a stranger has increased twenty to forty in number by friends, relatives, and acquaintances. More than half of the 1,028 murders in Los Angeles in 1980 were committed by people who did not know their victims.

The senselessness of these murders is even more frightful. (Continued on page 12)



# INTRODUCING THE FORERUNNER OF IMITATIONS TO COME.

## THE NEW BMW 528i

It seems this automotive establishment has caught up with automotive enthusiasts in their affection for BMW's. Lately, affection has become adoration—as witnessed by the number of cars resembling BMW's, comparing themselves to BMW's, and even claiming to perform "like" BMW's.

BMW shares this vision of what a car should be in the eighties, with one major disclaimer: cars should be motivated by foresight, not hindsight. And no better example exists than the new, technologically advanced BMW 528i. **THE 1982 CAR THAT WON'T BE FORGOTTEN BY 1987.**

The new 528i is a luxury performance sedan that escapes further categorization largely because its category doesn't exist yet.

It is the sort of car other car makers, or those of them who value performance, will someday have to attempt—one that turns minimum energy into maximum performance.

The 528i accomplishes this through an overspeed procedure called the E-Cat engine.

It runs slower than conventional 6-cylinder engines, stretching fuel in the process. Yet at the same time, it develops higher torque (or power) at those slower engine speeds—speeds at which

the car is most often driven.

The result is the sort of exhilarating engine response you would expect if fuel efficiency were no obstacle. Because in the 528i, it isn't.

Deep within the engine, where the important fuel efficiency decisions are made, another BMW innovation makes sure those decisions are always made in favor of maximum performance.

Digital Motor Electronics is an electronic system that constantly monitors the engine and assures that fuel ignition occurs at the optimum moment. It also cuts off fuel flow to cylinders when they're not needed, allowing the car to run on its own momentum during deceleration, saving fuel for acceleration.

All this makes for a car that performs extraordinarily well because of the fact that it's extraordinarily efficient, not in spite of it. Which helps explain its mileage figures, unsurpassed by any gasoline-powered car in its price class: EPA-estimated 22 mpg, 32 mpg highway.\*

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The engines are already being built at the pace of the personal cop, a time when driver regains mastery over automobile.

As trailblazers forge ahead in this direction, they'll find the trail has been previously blazed by the 528i.

Its suspension is a refinement of a design so advanced, Car and Driver termed it "the single most significant breakthrough in front suspension design in this decade."

The resulting agility is complemented by its steering, highly responsive in the manner of all BMW's (a legacy of its racing lineage). On the road, it is one of the most obedient cars in the world.

Inside, it is a model of the "new" science of ergonomics, a recent discovery with some car makers and a tradition at BMW.

The interior is an elegant continuum of driver and automobile created by easily accessible controls, contoured seats and many other functional amenities.

But simpler still this, no-carin succumb for the 528i as the Car of the Future.

It is not a car designed for mass-market accolades, but rather for a finite number of anxious drivers—enthusiasts who've watched the performance characteristics of cars diminish in tandem with the world's fuel supply.

For those people, the 528i may well be a deliverance.

You may judge for your self at your BMW dealer, where the 528i awaits your test drive.

**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**



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For more information, see reader service card on page 30.





ican dream that few others will ever know. I asked him about it.

"Well...," he said, his voice slowly "It's an interesting thing to live with."

He told me the story: How he had been a young actor with dozens or seven dozen movies to his credit when, at the age of twenty-nine, he had been offered the part of Crockett in the Disney productions. How he had shot all three segments—"Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter," "Davy Crockett Goes to Congress," and "Davy Crockett at the Alamo"—in 1954. And how he had no idea of what effect the programs were going to have on the country, or on his life.

"The first episode showed at the end of 1954," Parker said. "And the first idea I had of the impact it was having was when I went to a little town in Texas to visit an old friend of mine and he asked me to go to a

dinner that his wife was treating to my folks in the kitchen. And when I walked in that room... it was as if every child was greeting a friend who, I still remember, they automatically waving, 'Hi, hi, hi!'

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that, grip on, and people tried to make speeches. And suddenly this line began to form in front of me. People just stood there staring. They weren't listening to the speeches. They were just looking at me.

"Mr. Disney sent me on a tour of forty-five cities to promote the show. I remember arriving at the airport in New Orleans. For twenty-five miles, the radio was loud with cars, people waiting to see me. They said it was a bigger reception than Eisenhower got when he was there. I grew accustomed to things like that. In Scotland, people pushed through the glass in a department store window. In Holland, they closed me down the street. There is nothing that prepares a man for something like that."

Parker said that the experience began to affect him. "When I started to do that

job, I had never had a fling in any of my teeth," he said. "Within three years, I had shaved. I think it must have been the stress. I was pulled off the set once, because it was some sort of Walt Disney Night at the Hollywood Bowl. They drove me to the Bowl, and they put me onstage in my Davy Crockett cap and uniform, and they handed me a guitar. The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra was behind me, and the Roger Wagner Chorus, and I was supposed to sing 'Panama to the Moon.' There were twenty-five thousand people in the audience.

"It wasn't fun. It was awesome, but it wasn't fun. I had gone beyond the dream. I wasn't allowed to go out and get. I was kept practically like an animal in my room."

Unexpectedly, that was all going to end soon. At the height of the success of Davy Crockett, Walt Disney grew bored with it.

He had determined that he would film no more Davy Crockett adventures, even though he had created the most popular character in America.

"I don't claim to have known Mr. Disney that well," Parker said. "I was never even in his home. From what I could tell, he was like an artist who didn't want to paint the same picture over and over again. All he was interested in at that point was Disney-land. He was preoccupied with making a two-part show that second year—"Davy Crockett and the River Pirates"—but that was it.

"He was always very polite to me. If I wanted to see him, the secretaries let me walk right into his office. I would ask him about various opportunities, and he would hear me out. But I got the impression that by this time he was thinking about other things. People I knew pointed out to me

that the attention span of the American public is very short, and I tried to make Mr. Disney understand that I was concerned about how that applied to me.

"I was under personal contract to him. I still harbored some illusion that I was going to have a well-rounded film career. But it wasn't to be. I remember I went out and bought a copy of the play *Don Shog*. I thought if I could appear in that some with Marlon Moore, it might give me a new career. Instead Mr. Disney if I could do it. I think I still have my copy of the play in my library at home, with his note in it: 'I don't think this is a picture you ought to do. Walt.'"

Parker said that he finally got out of his contract with Disney, then became involved in other television and movie projects, including a Crockett-like portrayal of Daniel Boone. None of it approached what



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100S-109, 100S-110, 100S-111, 100S-112, 100S-113, 100S-114, 100S-115, 100S-116, 100S-117, 100S-118, 100S-119, 100S-120, 100S-121, 100S-122, 100S-123, 100S-124, 100S-125, 100S-126, 100S-127, 100S-128, 100S-129, 100S-130, 100S-131, 100S-132, 100S-133, 100S-134, 100S-135, 100S-136, 100S-137, 100S-138, 100S-139, 100S-140, 100S-141, 100S-142, 100S-143, 100S-144, 100S-145, 100S-146, 100S-147, 100S-148, 100S-149, 100S-150, 100S-151, 100S-152, 100S-153, 100S-154, 100S-155, 100S-156, 100S-157, 100S-158, 100S-159, 100S-160, 100S-161, 100S-162, 100S-163, 100S-164, 100S-165, 100S-166, 100S-167, 100S-168, 100S-169, 100S-170, 100S-171, 100S-172, 100S-173, 100S-174, 100S-175, 100S-176, 100S-177, 100S-178, 100S-179, 100S-180, 100S-181, 100S-182, 100S-183, 100S-184, 100S-185, 100S-186, 100S-187, 100S-188, 100S-189, 100S-190, 100S-191, 100S-192, 100S-193, 100S-194, 100S-195, 100S-196, 100S-197, 100S-198, 100S-199, 100S-200, 100S-201, 100S-202, 100S-203, 100S-204, 100S-205, 100S-206, 100S-207, 100S-208, 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100S-1008, 100S-1009, 100S-1010, 100S-1011, 100S-1012, 100S-1013, 100S-1014, 100S-1015, 100S-1016, 100S-1017, 100S-1018, 100S-1019, 100S-1020, 100S-1021, 100S-1022, 100S-1023, 100S-1024, 100S-1025, 100S-1026, 100S-1027, 100S-1028, 100S-1029, 100S-1030, 100S-1031, 100S-1032, 100S-1033, 100S-1034, 100S-1035, 100S-1036, 100S-1037, 100S-103

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happened to him with the Divy Goodie program. The counterpart, Presley, had become an American icon. Parker was finding that he was just another actor again.

"I never met Presley until years later," he said. "Our angles were vastly different, but with what was happening to us so suddenly, I suppose the same possibilities for self-destruction were there. When I did meet him, it was after about this was over. He was appearing in Las Vegas, and I went to the show and I was led back to his dressing room to meet him afterward. I was in a business suit and he was in the white jump suit. I shook hands with him and his father, and that was about all there was to it."

By that time Parker had decided that if there was any future for him, it was in the field of business. He tried out a few theme parks, then settled on the middle-borne parks. He sold them world-wide before. In my community I'm thought of as a controversial character," he said. "A rich man who isn't afraid of the environment because I'm a developer. I suppose some people think that I'm grand personified."

I looked over at Parker. He was staring out at the Hollywood Hills.

"It's different, trying to be a successful businessman," he said. "Even after Divy Goodie, when I would meet people—merchants, executives—I could tell that they thought what I did wasn't worth much. They knew that what I had done was treasury-losing, unnecessary. They didn't sense any accomplishment."

But whatever I do now, I will make it or not make it as a businessman. I had something very unusual, but that was a long time ago. It's over. Out is out."

WE SAT for a while in the sun. Parker said that it was new for him to be in Beverly Hills, he had once lived there, but now preferred to remain in Santa Barbara, away from the entertainment community.

"There probably isn't a day when I don't get some reminder of what happened to me," he said. "When people find out who I am, they tell me how much I meant to them; when they were children."

"But there's been the other side of it. I'll call some businessmen, and I'll try to leave a message with my twenty-one-year-old secretary, and she'll say, 'Mr. Parker? How do you spell that?'"

I told him that, whatever becomes of the rest of his life, he is doubtless destined for an obituary that begins, "Felix Parker, who in the 1950s achieved superstardom as the frontier character Divy Goodie."

Parker squinted again as he looked out at those hills.

"That's fine," he said. "That's fine."

ROS GERRARD is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

## ETHICS

BY HARRY STEIN

# JUSTICE BETWEEN FRIENDS

Holding on to the principles of friendship can mean the end of friendship

SEVERAL MONTHS ago, I got a letter from a woman in Florida who was seeking an arbiter in an ongoing philosophical argument with her husband. The husband, she wrote, maintains that "to life one should expect nothing. In that way you are never disappointed." He feels that I am okay just because I expect too much of others.

Now, at these things an easy answer that the husband's side was not right would come as well as the counterpart as it might have been. "In life one should expect nothing." These are not, to be sure, words designed to make any disappointed party one, up an enthusiastic instant. And the husband here at the typewriter, I suspect he might have made the first move, not to make any concessions, but to make any concessions, that most others' views of proper and improper conduct frequently do not coincide with our own, their opponents' failure to "come through" may simply be a question of seeing things from different perspectives.

This letter particularly annoyed my interest because, as it happened, I was engaged at that moment in a battle over the business of expectations myself. My adversary was a guy I had long regarded as a friend—and the argument he made was very much the one I granted to the Florida husband. What he suggested between us, in brief, is this: A few years ago, he said I and a third journalist came up with a book idea. It was a good idea—nothing earth-shattering, nothing to make the diet writers or any of the ubiquitous *Wallace* for their spots on the best-seller lists—but for a time we were all excited by it. Somewhere, though, as a result of our conducting schedules, we never did meet to get it going, and in my case, months after the third guy and I had a falling-out, the book, alas, I learned that behind my back the two of them had met with publisher and launched the project—now—*without me*.



In the grand scheme of things, of course, this was a trivial thing, most likely I would not have been interested in joining their agency. Indeed, as far as my friend was concerned, it was no slight at all.

"Which he did best!" he said. "You have'st mentioned this project in years." "Thank you, the point," I said, "I was involved at the beginning. If you two were justifying it, I would have been asked."

He looked at me with genuine indifference. "Don't be ridiculous. You two can't stand each other."

As much as anything, it was the halfhearted that got to me. "Good-bye, I should have been asked."

Now, this guy is a terribly able sort, a fellow who, at work situations, always remains unflinched in the midst of personal pain. What he did now was tragic. "Good old Sam," he said, "everything is great. That got me even madder. As far as I was concerned, he was wrong. Period. Such conflicts are, of course, so much a

concomitant in this society that it is a wonder we continue to be surprised by them at all. Almost all of us have, at one time or another, felt grossly wronged by someone we trusted. Indeed, sometimes such episodes are soothed, assuaging to bring long-lasting and far stronger relationships than this one to a grinding halt. A guy I know recently told me of his dismay—and then his fury—at discovering that one of his silent friends, someone he had known since childhood and for whom he had secured a job in his office, was refusing to back him in a showdown with a tyrannical superior.

"He conceded I was right," he said, "but his refusing to back me in the memory. But he said he thought it made sense to stay out of a friendship was one thing, he told me, and business was another."

"What did you do?" I asked. "We are no longer business associates," he replied with a grimace. "No friends."

I asked, "You're probably better off." For I will no longer bother to contact it, the Florida woman's place, I, in this quarter, at most suppose ours. Though we live in an age when a great many have trouble recognizing friendship, sometimes even verbally—"A friend is gone," an amusing fellow of my acquaintance has taken to saying to glad-to-meet you, "no friend of mine"—it seems obvious that a friendship that does not derive mutual support is, in fact, hardly a friendship at all.

Such an attitude sounds, I know, as nihilistic and edifying as Martin Luther at his best. Maybe. Indeed, I have occasionally felt less than comfortable in espousing it. But it has always seemed to me, quite simply, that if someone cannot be relied upon to put himself out in circumstances so unorthodox as, for example, the situation cited above, it is all but certain he will not be there at times of more pressing need.

Not long ago, someone I know showed me a letter written by his son shortly after she had been divorced by her husband for a younger woman. The letter had been written to avoid family drama, someone who fervently wished to remain uncommitted in a situation that, as far as the divorced wife was concerned, demanded the taking of sides. The anguished moment in her letter, composed in the aftermath of an unrelenting conversation the two of them had had on the subject, was palpable, and one sensed that the act of writing it, the fact that she had to state her position, had been unmissably degrading for her.

"When you enter him, the copy, worse, paragonical shoulder of a friend," she wrote, "you do two things—you give him solace and also help to solve him of his enormous guilt. And furthermore, you then reject me, too.... If he had done so on a social level which he'd done, or a personal level, his actions would not be either accepted or condoned. There seems to be such a thing as moral judgment when it affects society, but none when one single woman is involved."

I missed, of course, again or buy or beg your friendship. Never again will I put myself in such a spot—or get you in one."

True, that. But it is not in the letter, as she who wrote it had made years earlier. Of course she cannot plead for

friendship. In this instance, in any life or friendship, a genuine friend would have been emotionally available all along.

There are, of course, those enigmatic souls, characteristically independent in today's life, who let their human stride only during times of crisis. However, from a genuine friend one expects, aside to expect, not only support, but a semblance of consistency. This business of trust, of knowing who can be counted upon, is vital to our emotional well-being. Though it is much the broken these days to admit to vulnerability, few of us, I think, ever face up to the size of our need, to how hopelessly dependent we are.

Those of us who think of ourselves as guardians of lofty standards are, as the woman Florida suggests, subject to frequent disappointments. We tell ourselves that that is the penalty for our expectations—and their capacity. I know that I have ended several relationships over what amounted to abstract matters of principle in a couple of cases. I recall only dimly the precise nature of those quarrels. All that remains is the lingering sense of loss.

Again, in the case involving my erstwhile collaborator, the demise of the friendship loomed as a distinct possibility. He loomed as well as I. A couple of weeks after she left his house, I received a letter from him in the mail, accompanied by an application to a *Hearings*—possibly con-

test being sponsored by Harry's New York Bar. Venice branch, once, years before, I had composed a list of virtues: Affable, faint, "fine notes this," just the note-taking, characteristically independent in today's life, who let their human stride only during times of crisis. However, from a genuine friend one expects, aside to expect, not only support, but a semblance of consistency. This business of trust, of knowing who can be counted upon, is vital to our emotional well-being. Though it is much the broken these days to admit to vulnerability, few of us, I think, ever face up to the size of our need, to how hopelessly dependent we are.

"My God," I responded, smiling, but loud enough for the rest of the table to hear, "you really are being gaily." He was last, but he smiled right back. "You don't even know how to start up."

Sure I do. There are times. Almost all of them. For example, make allowances for close relatives. Almost anyone in his twenties or thirties is likely to know a decent people whose relationships with their parents are a source of endless pain. One woman I know found herself flouted by her mother, soap-opera style, on the way she had come from her father's will; an illustration of some manner that not only in the fifteen years he has been working but his father's mother's self-interest in his career to acquire about a project. But both of them continue to swallow him and maintain relations. The woman, who, I think, really knew the score, in the end, severed those links would be the emotional equi-

librium of placing one's head on the block. But with passing—and with—the reasons to grant such agency are hardly so compelling. Indeed, with friends we would expect to have the right—the obligation to ourselves—to stand upon a generous measure of consideration.

Assuming, of course, that we are ready to accord this treatment to others.

But, I suppose, this line can't be tossed out as a given—but at the cost of a social order in which the majority of social acts of betrayal are most likely committed and rewarded. That night at dinner, for instance, even after I had failed to my friend for half an hour, going so far as my invitation to be specific of "social contacts" and the like, he still would not accept responsibility for widening the rift.

"What about you?" he demanded finally with characteristic vehemence.

"What about me?" I finally started.

"Moral concerns," he said.

"All right. I may have had an error in judgment."

"Some error in judgment," I said. "It was a double error. And penalized." And so it ended his last on the floor. But he continued to be just as full of himself as the things within me. I too was sorry things had reached that point, and, frankly, in my wanted self-righteousness, I was starting to feel a bit like a jerk. In this instance, after all, I had hardly been done so unbecomingly. Moreover, it was apparent that, as a result of my reaction to the accident, my friend had given serious thought to his behavior.

So, finally, did I come around to start thinking about mine.

But I was not yet ready to ease up just yet: habits of a lifetime do hard, particularly those that so often leave one feeling so sorry. We were well into the table's third bottle of wine when I turned back to him and said, "I've just been reading a biography of Walter Winchell. There's a passage in there about Winchell I really thought was great."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yep. It's right here in my wallet. I tucked it out. 'We blind the help people give him more than he liked people.' I read 'Friendship was a business expedient. He held it gently, like a champagne in the hand, while he needed it. When it had lost its usefulness, he tossed it away, and the blind friendship ran blood red.'"

I'd set that up very nicely, thank you. "I guess it's no coincidence," I added, "that when Winchell died—the most powerful and loved-over columnist in history, and possibly his daughter was the only monster of his family."

But my friend, down his, laughed. "Never mind that. Keep quoting to people out of your wallet and watch how many of them show up at your funeral."

MARY STEIN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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# THE CLASSICAL ATHLETE

A prescriptive training regimen for today's single-minded sportsman

IN 1980, John Howard, one of America's premier bicycle racers for over twelve years, was at the apex of his training. Still in sports and still in a check at thirty-three years old but no longer challenged by the bicycling circuit, Howard sought a new means for his athletic abilities. He chose the most demanding endurance competition modern man has devised: the Boston Marathon.

John Howard had been there before, in 1978, and had finished third in the crowd, a top-tier feat in the choppy Pacific, a 112-mile bicycle race, and a marathon run of 26.2 miles—all to be done on a single day. On this hot Sunday 1980, however, he was confident of a victory. His daily training regimen had included running, five miles, cycling anywhere from ten to one hundred miles, swimming an hour, and working out with weights. His routine paid well: he had won four triathlons, and his heart was working in half marathons, taking two hours per mile to the average male runner. The event began, and Howard finished a respectable eighth rank in the crowd. He then perceived how difficult the bicyclist ahead of him and capped his victory by finishing twenty-four minutes in front of his nearest marathon competitor.

In training for the Triathlon, John Howard had pushed his body to the limit, conditioning his heart, blood system, and muscles to respond efficiently in these different endurance events. Today's best marathon runners, like Frank Shorter and Bill Rogers, could not do what Howard did without months—and possibly years—of diversified training. Howard trained more than a single specialty like the Greek pentathlon athletes who sought to conquer the three worlds of strength, agility, and endurance. Howard wanted to prove that man could do everything.

Such an exhibition of athletic hyperbole is aspirational, indeed, but Howard's ex-



ample is also instructive. Aspose stated in developing a well-rounded aerobic fitness program would do well to adopt a modified version of Howard's intensive cross-training program. Better than any regimen employing one sport alone, following a schedule based on Howard's combination of three superior athletic sports—running, swimming, and cycling—and a powerbuilding weight-lifting program is the most effective way to fully condition the body's muscular and cardiovascular systems.

**CROSS-TRAINING** is not so much a specific technique as a method of exercise. At the peak of my own bike-riding season last summer, I decided to augment my rides with two- to four-mile runs. Instead of logging up to fifty miles a day on my bike, I cut down to twenty. My legs got stronger, the change of pace was certainly nice, and—best of all—I maintained the same level of fitness in less time. Unsurprisingly, cross-training is most useful

for what it doesn't do, it doesn't bring on the problems associated with training in one sport only ("sport specificity"). Dr. Ed Burke, a sports physiological and manager of the 1990 Olympic Cycling team, points to one such problem, called activity addiction, which he says can lead to muscle damage. Of the single who rely on running alone to keep themselves fit, Burke says: "You see runners come in with sore feet and sore knees. They're overstraining one part to the point of getting tendinitis; they should be assessing total musculature of the body."

It has been estimated that every one of the thirty million or so runners and joggers in this country has sustained an injury at some point in his training program. George Sheehan, a noted medical authority on running, says that the frequency of injury increases in those runners who clock more than thirty miles a week and that the most common injury spot is the knee joint. "The only treatment I have found that works for my knee injury," says Dr. Edward Coll, a New York endocrinologist who specializes in running injuries, "is to stop running and do something else. Unconcentrated bicycling and using toe clips to help strengthen the quadriceps and anterior tibial (shin) muscles. As you use the quadriceps, you strengthen and tighten the knee joint, and working on the shin muscles will help prevent so-called shin splints. Cross-training effectively both prevents and treats running injuries."

Another failing of sports specificity is a lack of diversified strength, which leads to a muscle imbalance. Weightless cyclists are noted for their overused quadriceps (bulging blocks of muscle above the knee), but most make weak runners because their hamstrings and calf muscles can't match the strength of their quadriceps. I have met several professional bike racers who could throw out a 50-mile cy-

# Those who make it, make it without compromise.

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**THE CROSSOVER IS NOT DIFFICULT. "IF YOU HAVE THE ENDURANCE," SAYS JOHN HOWARD, "IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THE MEDIUM IS—YOU CAN EVOLVE INTO IT."**

climb race but admit that I could probably beat them in a one-mile footrace. They're a better shape than I am, but they're not as strong. Dr. Willem D. McNeill, invited exercise physiologist, suggests that only by training all the muscle groups and peripheral areas can you reach total aerobic fitness. Otherwise, "it's like having a great amplifier and heavy speakers," McNeill says. "If you train the amplifiers—the heart—through running and then try to use that ability in an upper-body task like swimming, you would find that you haven't trained the peripheral area. It would be like using a Walkman's speakers with an expensive stereo set."

But one of the greatest drawbacks of sports specificity is the least questionable—namely, the discouragement suffered by weekend athletes who began a swimming program enthusiastically only to drop it several weeks later out of boredom, muscle fatigue, or injury. My friend Stu once tried to start up a serious running program. "I found some pain then soreness," he said later. "After a half mile I'd feel ache in my side. This lasted two weeks, and then I gave it up. I never even got close to runner's high. I only started because I thought running shoes looked neat." Had he voiced his program, Stu might have avoided such discouragement.

Olympic athletes probably worry less about boredom—they have to be obsessed already to do what they do—but many cross-train to sustain their level of fitness in the off-season and to build endurance. Each summer, cross-country star Billy Koch, the Olympic silver medalist, cycles the length of Vermont at top speed. Another Winter Olympian, Eric Rieffen, incorporated cycling into his training and found it so satisfying that after retiring from the speed-skating circuit, he turned to bike racing in his non-competitive domain. The point is that the crossover is not difficult. "If you have the endurance," says John Howard, "it doesn't matter what the medium is—you can evolve into it. I proved that it is possible to improve your performance in one sport by concentrating your training on another." The cardiovascular system readily adapts its aerobic capacity from one sport to the next, acquiring the skill of different sports as it takes the time, though often not even much time, to reach basic adequacy in the activities prescribed below.

A PROGRAM that includes running, cross-country skiing, swimming, and cycling—sports widely regarded by exercise physiologists as the best aerobic

activities—can strengthen a range of muscles, maximize sport-specific injuries, and learn to control the breathing factors. It's an effective complement of sports; each makes its distinct contribution to your musculature.

Within each muscle group there are agonist muscles, which initiate movement and shorten, and antagonists, which oppose the movement, checking it as they lengthen. Although the agonists are the prime muscle movers, most muscle injuries occur to the antagonists, either because they have not been warmed up properly or because they are not strong enough to match the pull of the agonists. When you cycle, the quadriceps contract while the hamstring relaxes; the opposite happens when you run. Similarly, running flexes the calf muscle while cycling flexes the hip, so the skier needs, for both the runner and cyclist to prevent sprains and help smooth out the primary motion within their particular muscle groups, the antagonists need to be strengthened along with the agonists. By combining the two sports, you strengthen all the muscles at the leg and protect yourself the chance of injury to a muscle like the hamstring is smaller if the muscle's mirror side, the quadriceps, is equally strong.

As for the torso, swimming is almost a total exercise. When you swim, the pectorals and anterior fibers of the deltoid muscles are flexed as the arm hits the water and pulls you along. The opposite occurs when you pull your arm out of the water; the posterior and posterior fibers of the deltoid contract while the others relax. But although swimming taxes the shoulder, chest, and back muscles, it doesn't do much for the legs and forearms. Swimmers' shoulders or weight training can strengthen these muscles.

All of the outdoor sports, cross-country, skiing in general, are recognized as the most beneficial, working both the upper and lower body. The snow-swinging motion over-rides the same shoulder girdle muscles that are active when swimming the crawl, and the leg movement works the hamstring, calf, and quadriceps. The problem with cross-country skiing is that it's the least accessible of the four sports, because it is seasonal and requires more specialized equipment than the others do.

THERE IS no required schedule to a cross-training program, so long as the variety is kept constant. But you should be careful not to fall into the trap of overtraining from one exercise to the next. According to studies performed by the Institute for Aerobic Research in Dallas, it generally

takes at least twenty minutes for any one exercise to produce results. It takes that long for your body to reach a "steady state" of oxygen consumption, the point at which the largest possible amount of oxygen is extracted from the air you breathe before being delivered to your muscles. A thirty-minute workout of one exercise at a time at least four days a week is virtually required, with five minutes of stretching to warm up and five minutes afterward to cool down. Don't try to do too much—run on Monday, cycle Tuesday, take a day off, then swim on Thursday.

On days when it is impossible to exercise outdoors, circuit weight training offers a nice alternative, mixing power building with aerobics. You can set up your weights in such a way that you have room to run from one station to the next (maybe place them in different rooms in your house or apartment). Spend thirty seconds on each exercise, working at about 60 percent of your maximum power, and jog between sets of weights. One half hour of weight training complements the outdoor sports effectively.

In every aspect of a cross-training program, work for time, not distance or speed. If you want to increase your mileage, exercise for another five or ten minutes a day. Progress may seem difficult to measure, but you can't count on the same steady increase of miles you logged, say, running every day to know that your exercise is paying off—but one station in a set is a "target training zone," measurable by your pulse rate. Cardiovascular improvement takes place when your heart is pumping at 70 to 85 percent of its maximum capability. Subtract your age from 220—that's your maximum pulse rate. Your target training zone is the range between 70 and 85 percent of this rate. For a thirty-year-old man that would mean 120 to 162 beats per minute. Monitor your pulse as you train. At the beginning of your program stay close to the lower end of the range, and as you get into your program in each sport, increase the effort until your heart is beating at the upper top end.

The ancient Greeks considered fitness, health, and versatility among the most admirable of human traits; they would certainly have applauded John Howard's accomplishments. While we might judge Howard's ordeal, it is difficult to deny his spirit. For as ordinary mortals there is cross-training, the fitness program for those who like to beat the dead of the well-conditioned.

JOHN HOWARD is a writer whose work has appeared in *Swimming World* and *Cycling* magazines.



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# Esquire

## Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

### SMART MONEY

#### The True Value of a Gun



ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL WITZ

Last October, at an auction held by Christie's in New York City, someone paid \$45,000 for a shotgun. That gun was a Parker, arguably the finest American-made shotgun, but its virtues were far from obvious, even to the crowd at Christie's. "I can't see what's so great about an old double-barreled shotgun," one man whispered to his companion. He was looking at revolvers and lever-action rifles, which are what most Americans have at hand when they use the word gun, since there are not many side-by-side shotguns used on television or in the movies.

This was the first time that firearms had been auctioned at Christie's—which is to the auction business what Tiffany's is to gems and Warfield's to cigars—and undoubtedly the first time that the man who was sold out to Parker had ever been to a gun auction anywhere. Gun, it turns, are no longer exclusively for the gun nut; they have arrived as collectibles.

But not without some confusion. Whenever there is a rush to something new, some buyers are inevitably misled. Important distinctions are lost, or left in the dust. The reporter who covered the auction for the *New York Post* did not know the difference between a rifle and a pistol, but then, that paper has never been known for making fine distinctions. The average collector just coming onto the field

does know more than that a rifle is not a very much more. Several pieces at the auction fetched higher prices than expected strictly because they were backed by the one thing that everyone seems to trust these days—a celebrity endorsement. A Colt Detective Special went for \$17,800 because it happened to have been owned and carried by Charles Lindbergh during the ordeal of his sons kidnapping and murder. The gun, without the pedigree, would have been worth \$3,000 at most. A standard Colt Woodsmen, a conventional target pistol—which might cost about \$250 today compared with the \$40 the original owner paid for it in 1952—was sold for \$3,800 after agonized bidding. The gun originally belonged to Ernest Hemingway. The rifle that Chuck Connors used in the television show *The Rifleman*, a gamecock piece that was in poor shape from all the bleeds that it had fired, was bid for as high as \$7,500 but still did not meet the seller's minimum.

None of this proves anything more or less than what you would expect—namely, that in gun collecting, as in all other kinds of collecting, price is price and value is value. Much of disoriental economics has been taken up with the search for a connection between those two concepts, and none has yet been found.

#### GUNS OF DISTINCTION

Apart from the guns that had once belonged to somebody famous, there were pieces at Christie's that reflected real worth. There was a Remington-Union Model 7, a gamecock piece that was in poor shape from all the bleeds that it had fired, was bid for as high as \$7,500 but still did not meet the seller's minimum.

hands for viewing. Very few things in history have been more with the care that were once routinely put into the making of a firearm. The art, when it was still that, cut across most of the crafts, so that a fine gunsmith was also a machinist, engraver, and woodworker. His work was, dare I say, distinctive. Guns became collectible when a unique gunsmith died—or when a whole breed of gunsmiths became extinct. A Kentucky long rifle made by John Ammerling of Remmington, Maryland, in the late eighteenth century went for \$50,000 at the auction. The piece fairly breathed history. As a measure of its potential as an investment, consider the fact that a book on paralytic published in 1977 put the price of a genuine Kentucky rifle at five thousand dollars, or \$4,500. The intangibles, of course, cannot be computed; they won't ever make guns like that one again.

They do still make double-barreled shotguns. Some very expensive ones and some that are affordable if not very distinguished. But they do not make Parkers anymore, and Parker was, according to most authorities, the apogee of American shotguns.

"When you pay as much as ninety-five thousand dollars for a Parker, you are buying American in the broad sense of that word. Not merely a gun." That is the opinion of Dave Stoken, a gun expert with the Ovin Company, which is that taking up where Abernethy's left off is the employer of record to discerning sportsmen. But investing in shotguns is not as easy as simply buying a Parker when one is available. They came in

## Man At His Best

several grades, and of course not all of them are still in mint condition. The collector of a gun has as much to do with its worth as the collector. There are people taking old Parkers and restoring them. Upgrading them. Some of them do it in the open because people want to see how they do it, but some who are trying to sell their product as something it is not. A lot of people will spot the tampering—new collectors who don't really know a lot about guns yet, for instance. But an expert will know, and he'll have some bad news when it comes time to appraise the gun.

Consider the bluing, for example. The blue color of the steel firearms is the result of a chemical bath and is intended to retard rusting. Guns can be relined, but a relined firearm is almost the exact equivalent of a repainted strap—worth a fraction of what the original will bring but undeniably does it to the entranced eye. This is perhaps the greatest danger a newcomer faces—he does not know enough to know what to look for. The best place to start is the *Shogun Arms (P.O. Box 691, Hastings, Nebraska 68101)*, a publisher for collectors and traders, full of information and classified ads. Shop around. Compare dealers' prices with those you find in the *News*. There are experts, but they should always be consulted. Longtime collectors consult them. In fact, when you want to inspect a top-grade Parker, the gun is not shipped to you for inspection; you fly your expert off to examine the gun. If you buy, in some cases, his face comes out of the price of the gun.

### TOMORROW'S COLLECTIBLES

There is a final place to go if you are interested in guns as a store of value. You could buy a new gun that you intend to actually use—let's take care of it. Many history guns increase in value after the model is discontinued or modified. The Model 42 Winchester, a slide-action 410 shotgun, was the gun of choice when I was growing up. As it turns out, we were more

than we thought we did. The gun cost less than \$300 in the late Fifties. Now that Winchester no longer makes the gun, and may make no more guns of any kind if its business difficulties persist, the Model 42 in good condition may bring as much as \$5,000.

There are individual builders and customizers, whose reputations grow until their early pieces are worth many times what they originally sold for. Parker's, in England, is perhaps the best-known maker of custom guns. You are first measured for your Parker and then wait two or three years before it is delivered. In the meantime, the price will go up. But like John Porcari Morgan said about yachts, if you have to ask, then shoot a Remington.

too. Orvis has been selling a custom shotgun, built in Spain, for some eleven years. It is a very little more than guns for \$2,000 to \$4,000, not including extras and cost of engraving should you want it. The original Orvis guns have gone up nicely on the second market. These were once offered at Christy's, but in a few more years these certainly will be.

Consider this: The Parker that sold for \$25,000 at that auction cost its original owner about \$750. And he bought it to shoot a, like probably had some good time in the field with that gun and might have gotten more pleasure from it than the man who paid that record price some sixty years later. That's true value.

—Godfrey Newman

## FIRST-RATE Making a Minor Motion Picture



Time was, back in the video Store Age, home movies meant Super 8; bounce, blurry, alien film that all too often got tossed out with it of the reel. But the temptation to make one's own movies is irresistible. Amateurs, outfitted with a first-rate video system, you've got the stuff that professional-looking movies are

made of. With it, you can videotape with color and sound and an instant replay right on your own television. Still wonder Super 8 is nothing on the heels of videocassette? Yes, you have to lug around more equipment than you would if you were filming in Super 8. You need a camera connected by a cable to a videocassette recorder, and you

need a power source—either household current or a rechargeable battery pack with enough power for an hour of shooting.

And yes, video outlets are still pricey. Yet the hefty price tags are drastically offset by considering the costs of tape versus film. Several hours can be captured on a single videocassette as opposed to several minutes on a standard film cartridge. Think of the expense this way: A 16mm five- or six-hour video cassette—which never needs processing and can be used over and over again—costs from \$32 to \$53. Buying and processing six hours of Super 8 film could easily run more than \$1,500—enough to pay for the best video camera.

That doesn't include your videocassette recorder, but a VCR is not like a movie projector, which may sit in the closet for months at a time. The new Sony portable VCR is every bit as sophisticated as, and more versatile than, its bulkier big brothers. The Betapak (B1150)—the recording section that hangs on a strap over your shoulder—is the smallest of its kind, weighing in at only one pound, and the companion laser timer (B150)—the story-it-home part—performs all the fancy "time-shift" programming.

As for the JVC-2200 color camera (B1,500), it not only looks professional, it lives up to its looks. The first thing you notice is how comfortable the camera feels. It rests on your shoulder, like the ones the pros use. But unlike other models, the bottom of the camera is angled down to match the slope of your shoulder. All fourteen controls are at your fingertips. Instantly grouped to present confusion. Though the camera seems highly technical at first, the operating details become second nature, leaving you free to think like a director in no time.

Because a video system is electronic rather than optical, the mode of the camera leaves little room for the mode of a film camera. The electronic recorder is like a tiny televi-

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## Man At His Best

### THE SEASONED COOK Becoming Wok Wise

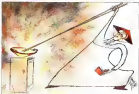
When a man steps into the kitchen, he usually hopes for spectacular results, especially when more pressure is put on him. "The meatloaf is in your court tonight," my wife would announce breezily as she left for work in the morning. Several times a week, I had to put food on the table, and I didn't want to let my wife see me at my absolute worst. When I looked through cookbooks at the bookstore, what appealed to me about the Chinese recipes was that most required less than twenty minutes to prepare. There did seem to be some chopping, mixing, and peculiarly elaborate steps along the way, but I was confident in that area, much of my previous kitchen experience having been as my wife's paltry slave.

#### THE PRELIMINARIES

To cook Chinese, you need a wok, and before you can cook

a Chinese cook, my area was so small I had created enough smoke to set off every smoke detector in the apartment, and I had yet to cook anything. But I had that most essential of ingredients in a Chinese meal: a wok that's well cared for.

A dinner I do frequently, a Chinese beef dish and a Vietnamese vegetable mix, requires a lot of preparation at the cutting board, but the work goes quickly with a good sharp knife. For the beef dish, you need to cut a pound of London broil into quarter-inch strips, placing the steak on the freezer for thirty-five minutes will give it the consistency and ease of slicing of a cucumber. The beef has to be done first so it can marinate in a mixture of a tablespoon of corn oil, a tablespoon of oyster sauce, and two tablespoons of soy sauce. (The recipe I follow is a somewhat Craig Claiborne and Virginia Lee's *The Chinese Cookbook*.) The beef and marinade



anything in the wok, you have to cook the wok itself. The reason is that it ordinarily has to be very hot, hotter than any skillet used in Western cooking, except maybe a crepe pan. So, I put my empty wok on the stove and heated it until it turned blue. Then I rubbed it repeatedly on the stove with big grease pads soaked in corn oil, after which I repeated the procedure several times. At the end of my first afternoon as

should be, to borrow my daughter's favorite culinary expression, "sizzled" together. Next, the vegetables. A half pound of string beans for the beef dish should be steamed. Rightly, three minutes tops, then cut into trapezoid shapes. No precooking is required for the Vietnamese dish—just a cup of cauliflower florets, broken off the stalk, a cup each of shredded carrots and hampe, two celery stalks sliced, and

two large leeks shredded. (This recipe, again with modifications, is from Jacqueline Herken's *Dinner Cooking the Fast Way*.) Cut the last vegetable in cut the pre-preparation is over. Think of them in categories, like the steaming and warming up that a speaker does. The mixing is appropriate for cooking with a wok depends on an complex recipe, more ingredients, or some skills than on delicacy and gentleness.

#### THE FINALE

To cook the steak, heat two cups of corn oil until it's almost smoking. If it's by dropping in a wedged pinch of bread, it is then immediately, swirling and rolling on the surface, the oil is ready. Dump the steak, separating the slices as they fall, then take them out almost at once, with a large Chinese curve or spatula. Now dredge it in the oil once, then thirty seconds. After draining it, let the last two tablespoons of oil from the wok. I heat the rest of the oil and it smokes. Into the wok, the marinade, followed by a teaspoon each of sugar and salt. Back goes the steak and then I toss everything together, adding two tablespoons each of chicken stock and dry sherry. Within another minute of turning with the spatula, the dish is done.

This kind of cooking is the opposite of French cuisine, where you sit by the stove for an hour waiting to see if your soufflé will rise. By comparison, cooking in a wok is pleasantly ascetic. Maybe Zen-ism is a better metaphor than spiritualism, with a well-oiled wok, you can personally stir fry at it. A little oil is necessary as a vehicle for flavor, but I never cook the Vietnamese vegetable mix in the four tablespoons of oil of the recipe called for. After cooking the beef, I add a spoonful of the "drippings" from that dish to the wok.

Put the beef dish on a hot plate to keep warm for the few minutes it takes to cook the Vietnamese vegetables. Put each vegetable in the wok in turn, starting with the hard ones, the cauliflower and

## Hyatt offers a simple basis of comparison: your money's worth.

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HYATT COLLECTION



## Man At His Best

carrots, and ending with the socks. For dry hot state then five minutes of cold, then pour in a tablespoon of oyster sauce and sprinkle with a half teaspoon of mixed spices—sage, fennel, clove, cinnamon, and Szechuan pepper. You'll notice that the last step is the first one I've mentioned any exotic ingredients. Actually, no exotic spices are now available in many supermarkets, so are four of the five spices. (There's a purported seasoning called Five-Spice Powder, but I use my own because I like the more to dominate.) The one drawback to this dish, I'm told, is the mess that results from the flurry of vegetables. But I wouldn't

know personally. The rule in my family is, if you cook, somebody else has to clean up. A decided benefit of semi-cooking is that after learning to prepare even the most elementary meal, you no longer have to settle for the food in your neighborhood Chinese take-out—the glory is in the reward of learning to cook oneself. Another is, besides, I've learned that one can eat and sample, but not just meat eat.

—Colin L. Winters, Rock Jr.

## THE DRINKING MAN Taking It Neat

**A**s drinkers we are not accustomed to fundamental pile sources. We tend to think of drinks as concoctions. To prepare a drink is to mix one. According to a feminist perspective, a bartender is a sociologist. And yet, stripped of social habit, stripped of the popular ac-

though clamorous argument may arise from those devoted head-on-back-of-neck, me-so, and runs, it is whiskey that offers the neat drinker the widest-ranging pleasures. Whiskey is neat. Definitions. While other liquors are complemented nicely by fruit juices and sweet, carbonated mixers, whiskey can best only be water, and plain soda. People who drink whiskey appreciate the taste of whiskey, and because attention is paid in production to taste, aroma, and texture, so should attention be paid to these things in its drinking. There should be no arrogant, grandiose gulping down of whiskey in a shot glass. Good whiskey, drinks neat, and to be sipped, sipped, sipped, and swallowed. Slowly.

**SCOTCH**  
Though all whiskeys are, by definition, distilled from grain, there are strikingly different qualities, the three most distinctive come from Scotland, Ireland, and the

United States. Scotch whiskey is distilled entirely from malted barley or a mixture of single-malt whiskey and whiskey distilled from malted and unmalted grain and corn. The grain has dried over a peat fire, and it is the peat that provides Scotch with its characteristically smoky taste. Good Scotches are silky as secum and give off a fiery aroma. On the tongue they are aggressively warm and they continue to be so as you swallow. One measure of a good Scotch in the sensation it causes as it descends. It should not burn or sting but provide an immediate, comfortable heat.

Unblended Scotch, that is, Scotch whiskey distilled from malted barley and called single-malt whiskey, is produced in some 136 distilleries in four locations in Scotland. Nor many of the unblended varieties find their way across the Atlantic. One that is available here is Glenfiddich (about \$11 per three-quarter liter). Pale amber in color and very dense in flavor, Glenfiddich is a fine neat drinker's strength in single malts. The taste is remarkable, bracing, acutely overpowering to the unaccustomed palate, but in time you make discoveries of the hidden behind cortex, the richness of flavor in it.

Blended Scotches, which are mixtures of single-malt whiskeys and grain whiskeys, are softer, though not without virtue. A fine blended Scotch, such as twelve-year-old Chivas Regal (about \$20 per liter), combines the smoky heartiness of a single malt with a characteristically Irish peaty aroma, and a sweeter taste.

### IRISH

Irish whiskey is a secret that is kept for too well. The Irish have been making distilled whiskey for centuries, and yet in the United States, Irish whiskey has never been as popular as Scotch. Irish whiskey and Irish whiskeys are distilled from essentially the same grain—malted and unmalted barley. The Irish will occasionally add an uncolored cereal to their mash, as well as

small proportions of wheat, rye, or oats, but the primary flavor difference is the result of how the grain is dried. The Irish use kilns heated by coal, so Irish whiskey is entirely lacking the peat smoke flavor that characterizes Scotch. In general, Irish whiskeys are less subtle than Scotches, not as smooth-going down, though aromatic. This is not a criticism, rather, it testifies to the unique character of Irish whiskey, which appeals more than any other liquor, to a taste for the mysterious, the exotic. Two excellent and popular brands are Old Bushmills (about \$11 per three-quarter liter), smooth and sweet, an Irish whiskey's gift, and Jameson (about \$12 per liter), a temper in a bottle.

### BOURBON

Though Americans make pretty good rye, the spirit that is most characteristically American is bourbon, a corn whiskey. Bourbons, like Scotches, also come in a variety of blends, but for the purposes of the neat drinker, straight is the best. It is the darkest of the whiskeys, the color of burnished bronze, and its bouquet is so round and full it seems nearly palpable. Hiding the taste of bourbon is a hot, almost spicy, yet dignified. Eight-year-old Wild Turkey (about \$20 per liter), at 50 proof, the most pleasing of the straight bourbons, perhaps the most penetrating of all whiskeys. Jack Daniel's (\$12.50 per liter) defines itself on the label as a "true sipping whiskey" and indeed it is. It is a whiskey that is not a beverage because of a chemical-flavoring process. At 90 proof it is milder and smoother than Wild Turkey, but still it seems with cut toughness. L.W. Harper (39.59 per liter), sweetest in honey, is, at 45 proof, milder still, and makes its stronger brother, it is comforting rather than brash.

The educated drinker will want to give his whiskey its due by using it neat, unadorned and unadorned—just the bottle and the glass, just the drinker and the drink. ■



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concoctions—the ice, the mixers, the sours, and the garnishes—stripped to the bottle and the shot glass, it opens new qualities that allow them to stand quite nicely solo. In fact, the smaller your liquor is bottled, the better it handles itself all alone in a glass.

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DOCUMENTARY

**Esquire**

# How Would the U.S. Survive a Nuclear War?

## Don't worry.

## Our people are working on the problem right now



Following a nuclear attack on the United States, the U.S. Postal Service plans to distribute Emergency Change of Address Cards. "This postage-free card," the Postal Service's emergency planning manual explains, "would be used by displaced survivors of an attack to notify the Postal Service of their emergency mailing addresses." The manual gives several examples of completed cards. One sample, for a (Mr.) William Thomas Butler, gives a "pre-emergency" address of Upton Street in Washington, D.C., and says that he can now be reached at Box 35, Kernsburg, Virginia. But the sample card filed out for (Miss) Mabel Jane Butler tells a sadder story. Her pre-emergency address, like Butler's, was on Upton Street in Washington; her present address, however, reads "Deceased, Mortuary #15, Julia Church, Virginia 22043."

It is possible that the pain of a Mabel Jane Butler in her last hours, or of any victim of a nuclear attack, will be eased by a stockpile of opium reserved by the government for use on just such an occasion. The National Defense Stockpile of Strategic and Critical Materials includes sixty-one items, ranging from aluminum to opium to wine. The stockpile goal for each item is the amount that would be needed by the United States

**BY Ed Zuckerman**

*Ed Zuckerman has been researching nuclear war preparedness in and has written a book on the subject.*

during a three-year conventional war or the amount that would be needed during a nuclear war, whichever quantity is greater. "Only in the case of spam did the audience net gain [75,000 pounds] exceed the conventional war gain [70,000 pounds]," the director of the Federal Preparedness Agency told a congressional committee in 1978. In 1980, the spam requirement was relaxed and the goal was raised to 130,000 pounds. 75,000 pounds are currently on hand.

Of course, the war/bacon in which the drama scored may not withstand a nuclear attack, but surviving federal officials will be able to check that situation out quickly. For the past two decades, the new Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) and its predecessors have compiled computerized data on almost two million American factories, industrial installations, population centers, farms, dams, rivers, hotels, television stations, and other facilities. "I never imagined enough to consider an evaluating the effects of a nuclear attack on the U.S." Every facility is listed in the computer system by its latitude and longitude, by name, by its Zip Code, and is assigned a "vulnerability level," based on its type of construction. During a nuclear attack, information on incoming weapons will be fed into FEMA computers, housed deep underground in Maryland and Virginia. They will then stand ready to receive questions via a streamlined computer program called Rater, which has been designed, according to the *Reader's Digest* "to meet the need for quick response to queries from top level decision makers concerning the probable track and status of high interest weapons."

In other words, while the bombs are falling, a federal high official with access to a computer terminal and a working telephone line will be able to type out the questions, how many victims and material, structural, structural facilities and a million other things. And receive an answer. Such an official will be able to locate about hospitals and drug stores and hospitals. If he can't bear to look, he can also call up the casualty estimates for his home town.

## A Positive Attitude

Like most people, I have never worried much about how I will get my morning's nuclear attack. For I always assumed that under these circumstances I won't be needing my cable TV bulb—or anything else.

This negative attitude may have come from reading, at an impressionable age, Nevil Shute's novel *On the Beach*, which chronicles the last days of the last people on earth in a world in which a nuclear war has slowly spread around the world. ("I won't take it," it's as bloody awful," protests Shute's plucky Australian heroine before dying.) Or maybe it came

from listening to the lyrics of seminal Tim Leary:

*All will go together when we go  
All gathered with an uncontrolled glow.  
No one will have the evidence  
To order an end to our existence  
Lodges of London will be loaded  
where we go  
© 1972 Tim Leary*

Wherever it came from, it is an attitude with which William Beard is all too familiar; he has encountered it often, and it has certainly done nothing to make his work any easier. Beard, a gray-haired retired naval officer, was FEMA's assistant associate director for national security plans and preparedness when I interviewed him last summer, and part of his job was to prepare America for life after a nuclear war. Obviously, if people don't believe there's going to be life in America after a nuclear war, they're not doing much effort at preparing for it. "That is a damned hard program to manage," Beard said. "People don't want to give time to it. The average citizen enough has to do."

Just a few weeks before I met with Beard, a group called International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War had gathered in Washington and held a press conference to announce that, because of the number of deaths that would result from a nuclear war (a total of 200 million in the U.S. and the USSR, the group estimates) and the injuries, destruction, and "profound psychological damage" that would accompany them, "the social fabric upon which human civilization depends would be irreparably damaged."

"There is a group that feels that way," Beard nodded. "I feel they're misinformed and they're not taking into account what is statistically indicated to be a substantial number of people who would survive." In fact, FEMA and International Physicians' estimates of the number of survivors are surprisingly close. (A recent FEMA study estimates that of a large-scale nuclear attack, which would be the worst, 60 million Americans—32 million of whom would be injured—would survive, and that 174 million would survive if a precautionary evacuation of target areas took place ahead of time.) But, whereas International Physicians and like-minded groups argue that the cap is too empty, FEMA asserts that it is full. "Everyone agrees that a nuclear war could be an unprecedented disaster," says a recent FEMA publication. "That is not a true statement."

The U.S. government has always rejected the pessimistic approach to life in post-nuclear war America. The National Plan for Emergency Preparedness, enacted in 1964 and still in effect, acknowledges that a nuclear attack on the United States "would create unprecedented and un-

The most important thing to remember about a nuclear war is that it will not be the end of the world. Nothing gets in the way of responsible post-nuclear attack planning. The negative, unproductive attitudes such as those found in *Here's How to Do It* Book, Yes, 130 million Americans might be dead, and another 32 million might be injured. But the remaining 61 million healthy survivors can rebuild the country and live long, productive lives if they use common sense and follow government guidelines.



# Post-Nuclear Attack Procedures

## The Big Book

The Federal Emergency Management Agency has distributed this book to all states and local governments. It contains a lot of information about what to do in the event of a nuclear attack. It's a good idea to have a copy of it at home.



## Future Test Site

The government is now making plans to increase the number of nuclear test sites. It is a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.

## Government Post

A special report on the government's plans for the future. It includes information on the government's plans for the future.

## Disaster

Disaster is a word that is used to describe a sudden and unexpected event that causes great damage and loss.

## How to Get All Around America

With a little effort and a lot of planning, you can see all around America. It's a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.



## The Emergency Plan

The Emergency Plan is a document that outlines the government's plans for the future. It includes information on the government's plans for the future.



## How to Get All Around America

With a little effort and a lot of planning, you can see all around America. It's a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.



## Relocation

Relocation is the process of moving from one place to another. It's a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.



## Free Assistance

Free assistance is available to all Americans who are in need of it. It's a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.



## Money and Security

Money and security are important to all Americans. It's a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.



## Law Enforcement

Law enforcement is a vital part of our society. It's a good idea to have a copy of this book at home.



keeping tabs on the whereabouts of the President and all sections of his constitutionally designated successors. Upon warning of a nuclear attack on Washington, Air Force helicopters would swoop down and ferry the President to safety. The President himself would lead the National Emergency Airborne Command Post, worldwide, specially shielded, \$200 million version of the N7, which also on permanent alert at Andrews Air Force Base.

During the attack of just above the fact-out, the President will have at his fingertips a copy of the classified *National Emergency Plan*, which outlines federal recovery plans and contains a set of "Presidential Emergency Action Documents" authorizing the President to activate emergency agencies and powers for stabilization and reconstruction in the event of nuclear war. A smaller set of documents, designed for legislative action, are included in a compendium known as the "Other Presidential Documents." The Presidential Documents would be sent to Congress—if Congress had not disapproved, the President could simply issue the Plan B documents as presidential orders. "He won't have a thing left there to say. Go prepare me a legal document with all the necessary details," William Bradford Huie explained, "as there have been three sheets of this. Among the Plan B documents is a proclamation of war. 'Only Congress can declare war,' explained Huie. "The President can issue a proclamation that a state of war exists. Legally, a lot of things [including emergency powers] depend on that."

So the proclamation has already been drafted, with a few blanks to be filled in later. Like the state of war. And the name of the enemy.

While the President is in his airborne command post attending to legal details, many other situations will have to be handled. To that end, provisions have been made for the survival of a cadre of bureaucrats from the Executive Branch. "Category A" federal agencies, ranging from the CIA to the TVA, which are deemed to be essential for uninterrupted emergency operations during "the immediate pre-attack, on-attack, and post-attack periods." This distinguishes them from Category B agencies, which have roles to play in "post-attack reconstruction as well as in disaster relief," and the relatively expendable Category C agencies, which "are to defer reconstruction until directed by appropriate authority."

In preparation for post-attack reconstruction, Category A agencies are required to safeguard essential records now. (Department of Labor guidelines suggest that such records "be wrapped in protec-

tive paper," as "experience has revealed that unprinted records not wrapped and sealed are often damaged by dust and moisture.") Category A agencies are also responsible for establishing emergency succession lists for the replacement of their officials who die in the attack. "It is desirable to designate several executives who are frequent travelers and thus increase the likelihood that all successors will not be concentrated in the Washington capital area at any given time," advises Federal Preparedness Circular PPC-14.

Next crucial, each Category A agency has established three emergency teams. Team A would administer from the agency's regular headquarters during the period of increased international tension that might precede a nuclear attack. Team B would report to Mount Weather, a massive underground complex that is the cen-

ter of certain factions may keep team members from reaching their assigned places. Most Category A agencies have made no plans for their team members' families, and a 1976 survey of 541 emergency-team members in six departments found that although more than 50 percent said they probably would report to their emergency duty stations, 76 percent said that improving provisions for their families would increase the likelihood of their showing up. "There's a fifty-fifty chance I'd go," one high-ranking official assigned to Mount Weather said one evening. "And if I do go, I'll probably take my family with me. What are the guards going to do? I don't think they'd capture me and take me away without my family. They could use an airplane, but that raises the whole point of the thing."

Other questions have arisen about Mount Weather. Eighty miles west of Washington, near the town of Frying Pan, Virginia, the site contains offices, dormitories, computers, briefing papers, a mess hall, and Public Health Service Health Unit No. 1, a fully staffed hospital where any official is required to check in at any time. But Mount Weather was built during the 1950s, and the Russians know where it is. Enemy forces, equipped with modern nuclear weapons, "can get out anything they want now," points out John J. Polanski, a retired Army officer who directs FEMA's Continuity of Government division.

Do you imagine something like Mount Weather could be seized and damaged in a recent invasion? "No capital cities are untargeted, and it might survive an attack. The operating costs of a place like that are pretty cheap... Maybe at some point when you have sufficient information, you close it."

Alternatives to Mount Weather are being investigated right now. In 1970, a secret Continuity of Government study was undertaken at the request of the National Security Council, its results were incorporated in Presidential Directive 56, issued by President Carter in August 1968, in tandem with Presidential Directive 58, which made explicit a shift in American strategic doctrine toward the idea of "limited" nuclear warfare.

PD-56 is classified, but it apparently calls for a less centralized Continuity of Government program, relying instead on federal offices and employees already active in Washington. It is based on the "Federal Risk Reduction Continuation Area" planning concept, under which federal regional offices have designated certain small towns and cities with no obvious military or industrial targets as potential

government centers in post-attack America. "If you can disperse your people so that if Russia wanted to target them it would seek up a large number of weapons," said one FEMA planner. "They'd have to judge. Is it worth expending so many weapons? If you build that kind of system, what have you done? We've assured the survival of Washington."

### A Visit to the Mine

The survival of Hechler, Keen, on the other hand, seems to be much less in doubt. And so I found myself on the outskirts of the place one day in early spring talking to the men who operate the elevator into the Carey Slot Mine. "There," he said, "there for you to come in the only. It's loaded me and a couple of other visitors aren't heavy prisoners that would help us breathe—no one explained how it fumes sucked up at the air underground. We were slowly wearing our green hard hats and green safety glasses as we waited to go down into the mine, a worked-out portion of which is leased to a warehouse company called Underground Vaults & Storage, which, in turn, leases two underground rooms to the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City. Like their Washington headquarters, all regional offices of Category A agencies are required to establish emergency operating teams. Following a nuclear war, the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City's team will conduct the bank's affairs from the bottom of the Carey Slot Mine.

The other visitors and I had to wear and the miners' heads to go down into the mine during working hours the passenger elevator doubles as a shop, carrying four tons of salt to the surface on every trip. We rode down—600 feet down on a hoist and absolute darkness. At the bottom, which was lit, we walked along the bare subway that carries salt to the elevator and what we reached a solid salt wall, covered blue, that marks the entrance to Underground Vaults & Storage. The lobby is decorated with a display case full of baseball trophies and golf bags stamped with corporate logos. The ceiling, like that of the mine, is a low as four feet. "We don't have a lot of space here," said a smiling UVS official as he ushered us into the warehouse offices, where the ceilings are higher ("to create an illusion of space in here for people who have claustrophobia").

Like the UVS offices, with their bright, shiny signs, dropped ceilings, and artificial plants, do look almost normal. But the post-nuclear attack headquarters of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City is either less cheerful. Its back to the warehouse proper, surrounded by concrete walls. A row of Alaska-grown wilds, films of NCAA football games, stacks of hybrid sorghum seed, and some of corporate records, all coated with a fine layer of salt. The back office stack is twenty-two feet



Jack Daniel and Rogers, who guide visitors here, will take you to a room where just-made whiskey is seeped through vats of tightly packed charcoal. And they'll point out how we've insisted on this whiskey-smoothing method since 1866. Of course, you may have trouble telling Ray from Jack. But if you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll spot the difference in just a sip.

ASK THE ROGERS TWINS how Jack Daniel's Whiskey gains smoothness, and the reply will be identical.

Either Ray or Clay, who guide visitors here, will take you to a room where just-made whiskey is seeped through vats of tightly packed charcoal. And they'll point out how we've insisted on this whiskey-smoothing method since 1866. Of course, you may have trouble telling Ray from Jack. But if you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll spot the difference in just a sip.



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wide by seventy-five feet long. Its walls, one of which is a solid slab of steel, are here & there studded with thirteen aid desks and chairs and an assortment of unimagined first-aid equipment.

But John Nolan seems satisfied with the place. A gruff and gray-haired retired Air Force officer, Nolan is the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City's emergency-preparedness coordinator. "I've seen a lot of dechlorinated down here sprayed," he said. "Our emergency operating center used to be in Tokyo, but in 1951 the government ran a test exercise, and the results showed Tokyo being hit pretty hard by the Russians. We went to the Department of Defense for tactical information and decided Washington was a low-risk area. We could probably go to the surface here within two weeks after an attack."

Nolan was down in the mine that day to take part in a seasonal test of the emergency facility's communications equipment. After a batch of TV dinners in the UVS staff kitchen, Nolan entered the bank's office to the strains of "Moon River," coming in over the sound system and set down at a three-inch machine to read and receive messages from the emergency relocation centers of the eleven other Federal Reserve Banks.

"Most centers just send some dumb thing," Nolan said while he waited. A firm believer in civil defense, he was taking the opportunity to send a more pointed message: "The Blinks are advertising that enough food should be kept on hand for twenty-eight days. Many experts are now advising every longer periods of shorter occupation—the banks could last indefinitely for months. Is your info still properly classified?"

Nolan's tone was as dry as a water tank, and at the rear of the warrenhouse, as a dark, low-ceilinged, wind-out area the size of a football field, the bank has stockpiled floating bags, pillows, clothing, and stacks of canned food. Mountain House-brand freeze-dried chicken chop soup, spaghetti, chiosate pasta, pudding, granola, and other foods. The provisions will feed the 150 employees of the Kansas City bank and its three branches who are under standing orders to march to the safe zone if an ordered after receiving word of an "advanced alert," indicating the possibility of imminent nuclear attack. Notice of the alert would be flashed to bank headquarters from FEMA, and members of the relocation team—who have been instructed to carry with them a "phone tree" illustrating to whom they should relay the message after it is relayed to them—would spread the news. (The message will be passed along "only to the member of the staff being called and set to

[One member's family," the card admonishes.]

"People are due to come here from every department," Nolan said. "Check collection, submit all of them." (The National Plan for Emergency Preparedness states that, following a nuclear attack, provision is to be made "for the clearance of checks, including those drawn on destroyed banks.") So that employees will know where things stand after a nuclear war, the bank's staff-room office sports a wall full of microfiche copies of current bank records. A new batch of records is brought from Kansas City, 225 miles away, every day. "We used to have customers down here when they would come in and actually reconstruct the records," Nolan said. "We don't do it anymore, because of budget cutbacks. But the tests worked. The records could be reconstructed."

the flashlights the indications will have to use if the mine's generator, which is on the surface, is destroyed.

The bank occupies the space from the warhouse company for a single last year, or \$750 annually. "They'll pay a dollar a foot a year to exercise the option," said Michael Gersbach, UVS executive vice-president. "But if they ever need to use it, I don't think anybody will be too worried about the money."

## You and Your Money

But there will be concerns about the money. In fact, there already is.

"Victory in a nuclear war will belong to the country that recovers first," says a booklet distributed to banks by the Federal Reserve System, "and the financial community will bear a heavy burden of responsibility in effecting rapid recovery."

Thus, the book offers banks a number of tips on how to "minimize the effects of possible enemy attack." Banks should safeguard their records, the book says, and instruct employees on nuclear-war banking procedures. And, in the event that a nuclear attack "interrupts regular payroll procedures," employees should postulate and write special payroll checks, printed on "distinctively colored paper," to hand out as postattack paychecks.

More detailed directives are contained in red binders labeled "Emergency Operating Letters and Bulletins," which have been distributed to banks in the district encompassed by the Kansas City Federal Reserve. (Similar directives have gone to banks in other parts of the country.) Included is a copy of the Treasury Department's Emergency Banking Regulation No. 1, which would be read off over the radio by banking cash withdrawals "except for those purposes, and not in excess of those amounts, for which cash is categorically used."

These directives also advise that banks short of funds but having government securities would do better "during the immediate postattack period" to borrow against the securities than to try to sell them "in an unfavorable market." All banks, however, are encouraged to continue selling U.S. Savings Bonds.

One of the greatest worries of post-attack finance planners is that our money economy may be replaced by a barter system. That "would result in a rapid loss of economic momentum and a low possibility of recovery," the government says. The Federal Reserve System wanted a general currency system in 1978. To begin, first of all, that there is currency after an attack that destroys the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, banks have been in-

## Now you can acquire a great sculptor's first work in pewter



McKean, 30, 20

## TO THE MEADOW by Lorrie McKean

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Lorrie McKean—one of the world's greatest figurative sculptors—has created her first work in pewter.

A Fellow of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, Lorrie McKean was personally selected by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to create the Queen's Silver Wedding Anniversary gift for Prince Philip. And she recently completed a sculpture from life showing Prince Charles in his home Port of Filly in Scotland. McKean was chosen to create the first prize trophy for the International Design Competition—winner of the world's leading corporate competition.

Now, at the height of her career, Lorrie McKean has created "To the Meadow," a work capturing both the physical grace and the spirit of one of the most admired of all breeds—the American Quarter Horse.

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The price for this compelling sculpture is \$1500—a most reasonable price for an original, limited edition work of art by one of the world's most gifted sculptors. And payment for the sculpture may be made in three convenient monthly installments of \$50 per month.

A later announcement of this work will be made for the world-wide closing date in December 31, 1982, after which no further orders will ever be accepted. Thus, the total edition will be permanently limited to one for each person who commissions the work by that date, plus any additional sculpture reserved for the private collection of Lorrie McKean.

To acquire "To the Meadow" by Lorrie McKean, simply mail the commission authorization at right to The Franklin Mint, Franklin County, Pennsylvania 19001 by March 31.

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by Lorrie McKean

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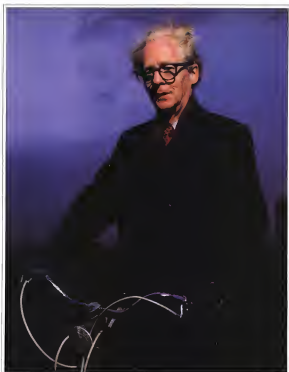
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MURRAY KEMPTON

He sets scenes and moods as succinctly as O. Henry and weaves a story with the grace and wit of Mark Twain. He is one of the most revered writers in newspapers today, yet few people know his name.

# The Best-Kept Secret in American Journalism Is Murray Kempton

by David Owen

**A**T THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

in 1980, a small brigade of young reporters dogged the footsteps of a man in a dark green suit. The men picked his way through the crowds on the floor of the convention hall, passing now and then to glance up at the podium. When he paused, the young reporters peered down and then to glance up at the podium. When he paused, the young reporters peered down and then to glance up at the podium. When he paused, the young reporters peered down and then to glance up at the podium.

The man in the green suit wasn't a candidate or a linguist or an undercover cop. He was a newspaper columnist named Murray Kempton, and the reporters following him (I was one of them) were a band of his admirers. Something like this happens almost everywhere he goes: when Kempton covers an important story, other reporters cover him.

Murray Kempton is a sixty-four-year-old columnist for the Long Island paper *Norwood* and one of the best writers of his profession. He is an old-fashioned reporter who knuckles himself out in his search for stories and then writes them up in an elegant style that combines the pithy wickedness of Mark Twain's epigrams with the restrained cynicism of late Augustin prose. He is an eloquent champion of the lonely and a tireless persecutor of the corrupt and unjust. A dramatist at heart, he plots his trials wherever circumstances have contrived to build a stage, leading him one day to a hearing at the National Labor Relations Board, another to the sentencing of John Lennon's murderer, another to a screaming of a riot about crooked politicians. His nose for news is exquisite but exacting. For more than thirty years he has covered politics, labor, sports, Marxism, and a dozen other topics with such consummate skill and wit that in some circles he is spoken of in the same breath with

David Owen is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. His most recent piece, about high school "I Spent on the South Coast," appeared in the March 1981 issue.





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ENR/SEPTEMBER 1991

of Norman Mailer's last award decision."

On the salivary downpour Krimpton examines our fellow grantmakers and says, "Every candidate drawing I've ever seen has looked exactly like the people sitting in whatever subway car I happened to be riding in at the time. Krimpton himself looks a little dumpy just now as he had to walk through the rain to get here. The word-gray curls at the back of his head are gleaming, and there are droplets on the corners of his glasses. Even now, though, he is an impressive figure. He also has an uncanny power to make you want to evaluate him. It's only our second meeting, but already I'm dressed exactly as he is (gray suit, white shirt, blue tie). When David Huberman was a young reporter in Mississippi in the 1950s, he used to make weekend pilgrimages and give across a courtroom at Krimpton, who was covering a trial. Huberman couldn't find the nerve to introduce himself until several years later. Krimpton in those days had a collection of jazz records that he carried on the road, and for years afterward David Huberman did too.

Even the victims of Krimpton's pen tend to find him irresistible. When he moved to The New Yorker in 1962, he decided to do a piece on McCarthy, latched onto Ike Cohen, about whom he had written several nasty newspaper columns. Cohen later told a New Yorker reporter what happened: "When he called me for an appointment, he told my secretary he had discussed the piece with his editors and there wasn't the slightest possibility he could give me a far shake. I wasn't going to let her, but when someone tells you that, how can you possibly refuse?"

Krimpton's effect on others is perhaps not the first thing one would expect from men whose life has been filled with more than the usual sorrows. His first marriage ended in divorce, his second in a separation. A son, James Murray Jr., was killed in an automobile accident ten years ago. Another son was born with a serious learning disability. A daughter, the (former) writer Sally Krimpton, now a disciple of the guru Madonna, once lashed out at her father in a letter that was promptly published in this magazine. Murray has always been tight. Krimpton now lives frugally and alone in a tiny apartment in Manhattan.

At the courthouse Krimpton leads me to the dingy antler promenade, where he is immediately welcomed as a favorite son. Mike Pearl, who has covered the courts since the Early Christieson Period, immediately surrenders his desk and phone, the throne and scepter of his episcopal mitre. Pearl is long here, but Krimpton takes precedence. For an hour he keeps our corner of the promenade in stitches.

"This is the only murder case I know of where the possible defendant is The New York Avenue of Death," he says, referring

to the fact that part of Jack Abbott's prison book was published in that magazine. "I don't know, do you think he may surrender to The Hudson Avenue? He's dumpy, you know. Maybe he'll wait to turn himself in at the National Book Awards ceremony."

When it becomes clear that Abbott isn't going to show up, we head over to City Hall, where Krimpton receives another explanation: "Murphy (the K) Major believes when he steps into the promenade, on the front steps we running Joyce or Kech, who is polite but wary, and with good reason. Krimpton can give any politician the willies. At a City Hall press conference once, Krimpton sat in a chair that broke beneath him, and Koch saw. 'There comes Murray Krimpton, breaking my furniture,' Krimpton quickly corrected him. 'It's the people's furniture, Mr. Mayor.'"

"I WAS BORN IN BALTIMORE," Krimpton says, thereby demonstrating virtually all he chooses to reveal about his life. He is an extremely private man who seldom talks about his background and almost never about his personal life. Even his close friends find they know little about him. At the heart of his egoism's relevance is a feeling, amounting almost to a code of honor, that one simply doesn't talk about these things. Krimpton is a very good man for whom "carrying on" has all the personal necessity of some great and ancient, uncorrupted duty. When things go wrong, he takes pains to keep the story to himself and to keep the people around him from wondering what he believes to be a private grief. "I don't think you talk about your troubles," he says.

When Krimpton was three, his father died of bronchitis and his mother moved her two sons into a modest Baltimore row house owned by her father, a police. The four of them shared the house with Mrs. Krimpton's father, who had never married. Krimpton and his brother, now a Baltimore lawyer, walked a couple of blocks in one direction to school, a couple of blocks in another to church, and never ventured very far beyond the close confines of the neighborhood, which was in the gradual process of falling apart. He spent much of his youth buried in books.

"What was your childhood like?" I asked.

"Restrictive," he said. "I mean, I was."

"What did you want to be when you grew up?"

"I don't know any idea what I wanted to be," he said. "I was such a wet young man that all I wanted to be was left alone. No, I guess my ambition was to be an editorial writer. I think my dream was to write those things where you endorse Warren G. Harding for President. I had a kind of horsey way to me then. I don't know what I wanted to be. I wanted to be like those old women, when I didn't succeed

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is doing. Rich, A. assistant." He passed for a moment. "My idea of a good senator is Howard Cosell."

While in college, at Johns Hopkins, Kempton was editor of the student newspaper. He was also a campus legend. For years after his graduation, student journalists looked back on the period of his editorship as something of a golden age in the paper's history. He became a member of the Young Communist League and later, of the Socialist party. After graduation his first thought was to move away from Baltimore, and especially away from his neighborhood, whose decay he found oppressive. He worked briefly as publicity director of the American Labor party, then signed on at the *Post* in 1942.

In all the years since then he has lived a life free in the sort of skills that most people shed in a matter of course.

"There used to be an old game that [Nathan edited] *The Marylander* played," says Ronald Baker. "He'd send you a questionnaire to fill out for a magazine he was editing. The question was, 'Why did you sell out?' Nancy is the only guy I can think of who would be able to answer. I never did."

**"I NEVER INTERVIEW ANYONE."** Kempton said. "Because I'm an anxious interviewer. I'll make a long speech and then the guy I'm interviewing will say, 'You may be right,' and that's the end of the interview."

We were sitting in a Chinese restaurant across the corner from my apartment. Kempton had pedaled his bicycle uptown from Monday's Times Square office to meet me there, and when he arrived, he had a sack of groceries under his arm. He had picked up his laundry on the way.

Kempton tapped and wrote and glanced over the menu. He mentioned that he had once tried to interest a publisher at a publishing fair for two years while he compiled a "collection of literary essays by poets." The project came to nothing, but there is something wonderfully typical about his having thought of it at the first place. Kempton has a maverick's affection for dignified failures, and some of his best columns have been about people who, for one reason or another, didn't measure up. In 1950, on the day after Don Larsen pitched the only perfect game in the history of the World Series, Kempton devoted his column to Sam Nagler, who was the pitcher in the opening game of every other sportswriter in the country turned his attention to Larsen. Kempton stole quietly into the locker room and came away with undoubtedly the best piece on the series.

He worked his way a little, "Kempton wrote, 'and blew his hands as though

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didn't measure up.

he came from a world no sun could warm.' Nagler was mediocre, fairly pretty, off. He pitched what was in some ways the greatest game of his life, and he lost. That's exactly the sort of story Kempton loves."

"Did you watch the royal wedding?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I kept hoping Lady Diana would run away with John McEwen. You know, I thought that Doug Ritchie at *Washington* was one of the most wonderful things I'd ever seen in my life. As time goes on, I've come to hate the British. I don't think anyone likes them anymore."

Athletes know Kempton ("You know what I like about them? They have attitudes"), and one of the athletes who fascinates him most is Muhammad Ali.

"I have the most terrible awe of the man who has to fight the fight," he said. "I remember the night before the Liston fight I was over in a black hotel in Miami having a cup of coffee with Malcolm X. I was being pompous about the Muslims, and I said to Malcolm, 'You know, I have a lot of differences with you guys, but the thing is, I've known black nationalists for years—city black nationalists—and what always struck me about them was that they were irritated whenever they came into the white world. And the thing that fascinates me about your people is that they're not afraid!'"

"And Malcolm said to me, 'That's it! I've got to tell Castro!'"

"Clay was staying at the hotel, and there was a wonderful ball game. Archie, who worked for her. So Malcolm said to him in his imperial way, 'Archie, go get Castro. This is how he can win. It's got to be understood that he's not afraid.'"

"Well, Archie came back very shamefaced and said, 'Archie can't beat. Mal-

colm said, 'Where is he?' And Archie said, 'He took the car to meet Ray Robinson, and he hasn't been seen for two hours.'"

Kempton laughed heartily. "The point was that he was on a wavelength that none of us could understand. I mean, it's something to have been the only heavyweight champion of the world, in my lifetime, who was his own man."

Kempton is a mystical environmentalist. One doesn't so much interview him as interrupt his train of thought.

"Someone once told me that you and Nixon was drinking buddies," I said. "Is that true?"

"My social connection with Nixon," he said, "consists of a series of moments in which I would run into him in the course of parties I was attending and he would say, 'Hi, Jimmy.' And I would say, 'Mr. Vice-President. I don't live in a terribly high-society district as it is.' That was the extent of our conversation, but it happened again and again. Then, early in his administration, I was at the White House for some reason, and Nixon spotted me and stuck out his hand, and I had this horrible feeling that he was about to say, 'Hi, Jimmy.' Kempton laughed. "I mean, the man knew how to conduct himself."

"Anyway, that was the absolute extent of our knowing, from which I profited greatly because the son of a bitch—a offense moment—the man they watched the golden touch from, is the single most brilliant political animal I've ever known in my life. You give him any business except his own, and he would have been the greatest political manager alive. You know, I met him for lunch once. I had just seen John F. Kennedy, and I said to Nixon, 'Kennedy has the greatest political future of anybody I've seen.' And Nixon said, 'Kennedy has no political future. In four years he'll have some terrible fight with Nelson Rockefeller and he'll end up a Democrat.' Incredible."

"I've never understood him," Kempton continued. "He had this incredibly keen political sense, which would put top tier words, acerbically, but he was always a bit ashamed of it. Maybe he wanted to be a tyrant. I don't know. But whatever else he wanted to be, he wanted to be a great historical figure. And then he would collapse in awe before all these eastern Republicans. Intellectually he was worth a hundred of these people, but he couldn't escape being a figure of awe and ridiculousness, because whenever he came in the presence of some biggy, he immediately closed his eyes and thought, 'Poor little me, listening to the sound of the mind-trucks in Weiner, California, now I'm in the big time.' And who was it? John MacNeil. The big man."



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Shortly after Kempton's son was killed in 2001, a mysterious messenger left a note at Kempton's door. Although the note was handwritten on White House stationery, Kempton at first had no idea who had sent it.

"To the best of my memory," he said, "the letter said something like, 'When I read of your son's death, I thought of you at the time we first met, and I remembered the freedom you showed.' Now I'm reading this letter while using me as a role model in this handwriting with which I am not familiar, and I figure maybe it's from Steve Nixon (at that time, national chairman of the White House Conference on Children and Youth). But it was from Nixon. Now, what the hell was he talking about? My son was a member of the resistance and stood in total opposition to everything Nixon was doing, and as far as I know, the first time I met Nixon I was trying to get something on Alger Hiss."

"You know, Nixon wasn't it in any way I mean, he wanted to meet it. I don't understand him. Wilson, Stokely, any of these people—they just didn't have their own opinions. The only thing about Nixon is that he's capable of quite sincere emotions, and yet he is insincere. He didn't write me a letter because he thought he would gain anything by it—with his reflex repugnance, what did he have to gain? He wrote me a letter because he enjoyed this community. The fascinating thing about Nixon is that he social-climbs alone."

We tapped out at Kempton if his paps. It was getting late.

"What's your favorite book?" I asked. Kempton pulled a moment. "Do you know Menckens's comment about being hit on the head by Huckleberry Finn?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "I suppose Huckleberry Finn is the greatest book I have ever read." A spokesman present, as Powell used to say, suspended with something drunken and unbecomingly about "Huck's freedom," and Kempton shook his head.

"People who talk about freedom don't know what it's like," he said. "Huck doesn't say, I want to be free. He says, I'm going to fight out for the territory—something beyond where you are. It's not to escape, it's to find. And that's what makes it such a great book."

"I have some freedom now," I can live with. I don't want freedom, I'd like to be responsible. I guess what I love about Huck is his sense of responsibility. It would not be a good book if he didn't have a moral sense. And I always like to think that Huck wanted to help out for the territory not because of what he was escaping but because of what might be there."

**FOUR MORNINGS A WEEK MURKIN:** Kempton, the Huckleberry Finn of American journalism, climbs out his backgate and jetties out into the world in search of

what may be there. For more than thirty years he has been finding things other writers have not even thought to look for, and he has done so with a compeller's humanity that is rare and just as his profession but in the human race as well. I have followed him as he made his regular rounds, and I have eaten at his table, and I am not at all that convinced he is not the greatest man I have ever met.

I situate in him what he induces in Huck: his moral sense and his sense of responsibility. At the end of our dinner I dragged him back to my apartment to meet my wife. He was too polite to refuse, but he politely stayed. Our duckbilled diver dived around his feet as he hesitated in our doorway. I felt a little silly afterward, but that's just the sort of effect Kempton can have on you; you need to see him all over town, introducing him to your relatives.

"The great boys are lined against the perished current of their times," Kempton wrote recently in a column eulogizing the late Cardinal Wyszyński. He would object strenuously to the suggestion that his interview with me was applied to him, but Kempton's career has certainly been great, and it has been conducted in large measure against the current of his time. He is like a motor from another era.

"Churchill would have ceased to be Churchill the moment he decided to be someone else up to date than a seventeenth-century Whig," he commented in his column. "Wyszyński could not have been Wyszyński if he had ever left off being a thirteenth-century monk."

And Kempton would not be Kempton if he ever left off being—what? The obvious archetype is Menckens, whom Kempton adores, but I think first of Dr. Johnson. Kempton is more a creature of the eighteenth century than he is of Menckens's, and although he is a Whig in Johnson's Tory, the two men have much in common. Johnson used to trudge out into the streets of London to buy oysters for his cat, because he was afraid that if he left the task to a servant, the servant might come to hate the cat. It's easy to imagine Kempton doing the same thing, except that he would probably pick up something for the servant as well. His prose style owes as much to Johnson as it does to anyone now living. His personality seems so inextricably bound up with New York as Johnson's was with London. His happiness, like Johnson's, has been built around a core of sorrow.

The last time I saw Murray Kempton it was after midnight and he was unbuttoning his bicycle horn a parking meter on front at a grocery store on Third Avenue. An empty taxi slowed for a moment, then moved just. "God bless you," he said, as he almost always says when saying goodbye. And then he looked his breakfast into his basket, arranged a small hand around each eel, and rode off into the night. ☐



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There are so many surfers in southern California that they've staked out scraps of beach and chopped up the endless wave. And from the melee emerges a new order of surfer, one who rides with Jesus and waits for Armageddon

## Walking on Water

THE PACIFIC WAS GRAY-GREEN AND FORBIDDING. DARK CLOUDS HUNG LOW OVER THE BEACH, FUELED BY THE SMOKESTACKS OF THE GENERATING PLANTS JUST UP THE COAST, ALMOST smothering the tailwakes anchored offshore. A dozen surfers were out in the water, basking up and down the dunes, fighting over some tricky, two-foot-high waves. It was right on—click on a chill winter morning.

Out of the mark on the beach walked a young man with a camera. He had been scheduled to shoot an ad for a wet-suit company that sponsors one of the dozen dark-suited figures in the water, but the weather was too dismal. He was twenty-seven, his hair was long, and he was wearing bell-bottom jeans. We started talking about environmental issues—the winter sewage spill in Mexico, for example, which closed the beach for weeks. "There's a lot of poison," he said, "if surfers could just come together as a group." A slight, almost sheepish-looking grin flickered across his face. "I guess, is that too idealistic?"

Out of the water ran the surfer he was supposed to shoot. His name was Dennis Jarvis, and he was one of a different generation. "But too good out there," he shouted, throwing his silver energy board into the sand and shaking the sand out of his curls. "What a bummer."

We were standing on the shore at Hermosa Beach, California, a tiny Los Angeles suburb whose name means "beautiful" in Spanish. Hermosa is part of a trio of beach towns—Manhattan, Hermosa, and Redondo Beaches—that line the southern end of the Santa Monica Bay, whose forty-mile crescent of shoreline gives Los Angeles its window on the Pacific. Developed as summer-resort communities after the turn of the century,



South Bay surfers, temporarily beached:

Dennis Jarvis, Dave Forrest, Matt Washow, and Mike Purpus.

by Frank Rose

From Rose's articles about youth and media here, *Esquire* in the pages of *Esquire* magazine, most recently in the September issue.





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THIS RIDE TO CANADA BAY IS SOMETHING in the nature of an excursion. From E.T. you drive through the noisy clutter of the Pacific Coast Highway to Palms Verdez Boule-

more now and lives in a Riviera apartment, but he grew up across the street from Huggerty's. He doesn't note what happened there to happen to Llaneta Bay.

"People," he said. "They come and they really don't respect the past. When I was younger, I used to feel like it was my duty to go out and keep the art of surfing going. Our crew would be keeping good order, two-on-one person to a wave. See, when you have order, that means everyone is having a good time, and the surfing's better, too."

"The younger kids look up to us now. Of course, none of us recognizes them in those rocks. I'm twenty-five years old. I don't go out and pop anybody's butt. But if people come around and think they're not adult, they're not gonna get anywhere with us."

"Those kids at the Hermosa pier," said

Quin, "they're just out there to show off." Carn, Eric's roommate, is virtually known as "Ayazulita," "Rosa," "Alisa," and "Pekka."

"What's happened is that there are two completely different schools of surfing that have evolved," said Eric. "They're out in contests, out for the hot money. We're not taking money and riding it down just to finish. The contest is a race between you and the wave that betrays you and your fellow surfer. But we aren't down on their scene. I grope to what they're doing. It's just that they're riding so tubes—and just when it gets down to it, we're the ones who tackle the surf on the raw days."

AT THE OPPOSITE EXTREME, FROM LLANETA Bay is the surfing spot known as Shipape. The name comes from a skidje pipe along the bottom that acts like a seal, creating

waves to peel off in both directions. "This forms and generating photos and a sewage treatment plant make the water taste awfully foul and the beach turns sticky with tar. Shipape is where the South Bay's punk surfers hang out."

Punk lit surfing about the same time skateboarding died out. Skateboarding was really big for a while; there were skateboarders, longies and contests and champions and even Skateboarder magazine, brought to you by the folks at Seater Concrete bowls were constructed so pebbled hot could perform radical all-the-way maneuvers that would leave anybody watching dropping from the sides like a much scrambled egg. The energy that

came out of these bowls was precariously hard-edged and wild. So when the bottom fell out of skateboarding, a lot of kids simply turned that energy toward the ocean.

A lot of them discovered punk at the same time—which is to say, they discovered a misplaced form of aggression with music on the credentialed and a link to the Mother Country. There were punk clubs in Hollywood where numerous homosexuals affected apple barrels and black leather, but the suburban kids were not like that. The suburban punkies had skateboard and worn sweaters, boots, and chains—and unlike the Hollywood punks, they had no qualms about tearing things up. They were for real.

For the kids in Hermosa, punk for a long time contained as what the local Black Flag was doing. When people talk about the banners of punk rock, Black Flag is what they usually have in mind—concerts that turn into riots, music that sounds like machine for wild animals, songs about white pride and war. Black Flag moved

into the church in the middle of town at a time when Hermosa Blackboard still traditionally met. There were hippies everywhere, and to walk around with short hair was to risk getting beaten up. By the time Black Flag lit, the town had gotten pretty much punked out.

The church is a large stone structure that had faithfully served its congregation for decades before being abandoned. A bunch of longhair took it over and tried to convert it into a "New Age Artistic Cooperative," which the city was trying to close, and then Black Flag moved into the sanctuary. They'd throw a party and three or four hundred people would show up and the hippies would get upstage. Somebody would bust out a window and the stained-glass window who lived upstairs would come down and sit. "These levels create. Why must you be angry?" But what

the hippies couldn't accomplish, the cops could. So when the cops finally came—when Black Flag saw that they were being driven out of town and then they were nothing they could do about it—the band threw a going-away party and ripped the place apart.

A similar thing happened to the Firstwood, the only South Bay rock club that tried to draw the punk crowd. After that, there was no place for local punks to go. But different energies were being felt by that time, anyway. In the beach towns, at least, it was almost as if the extraordinary wave of energy was beginning to burn itself out. Surfers began to let their hair grow longer, and a lot of them started getting into Christianity. You still see kids in leeches and chains at Hermosa Beach, but now you're likely to see them in pious blue Nike Chapel. Up by the highway in the converted bowling alley.

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HOPE CHAPEL STANDS LIKE A BEACON AT AN intersection on top of a hill. Next to it is a supermarket, underneath it is an exposed parking garage, and inside, where the bowling lanes used to be, is a hall of worship. Eleven years ago it was nothing but four people in an abandoned storefront; now it has liturgical handsets and members and has spawned twelve daughter chapels in California, Hawaii, Montana, and Texas. Its founder is a soft-spoken, attractive young minister who came here from Glendale at the corner of a Vice. His message is that God and the Bible are real.

Sufferers have been big at Hope Chapel from the beginning. "A lot of people won't touch the beach people," and Perry Champ, the associate pastor, "We're not afraid of them." He added, "This church is like a hospital. It's a place where people can meet people. That's why we call it the people place."

"The People Place" is the name of a little booklet, available in the Hope Chapel bookstore, that explains how the chapel can help you establish "supernatural relationship with God" and "a joyous life-style based on God's viewpoint." Baptisms are conducted on the beach, or in a hot tub when the weather is bad. There are Sunday-morning worship services, Friday-night vigils, and Christmas study groups that meet in the middle of the week. There's a Christian aid team, a Christian aid team, and a Christian volleyball team. Those who still have time to float: God's Word are represented—first in print, then in public if they fail to meet their ways. "It's tough," said Champ, "Discipline and love."

"Perry calls this place a hospital," said a friend of Dennis Jarvis, Ron Williams, a twenty-four-year-old pastor who has given up his apartment near the beach to sleep in the Chapel's office. "I call him a heart specialist, because he works on the heart."

Williams is a nonbeliever, incidentally young man who came to know Jesus after his uncle's sudden death in a car wreck inside his uncle's home. He found his life really in the life of a Christian girl then, too—but when that didn't work out, he took his eyes off the Lord. He got pretty wild then for a season, and then he got tired of his wildness and he asked the Lord to take him back. "Now I feel much more peace," he said. "I don't feel like I'm selling anyone. It's just, you know?"

Dennis made his initial acquaintance with Jesus through television. He was in the eighth grade of the time, and when he was in the tenth grade he was thinking about God a lot. But then he became a jock and got to be more of a normal kid. A couple of years ago, he once had a rock band—not exactly hardcore punkers ("We were there in with the punkers"), but nonetheless a duo band with superheavy hair. They called themselves the Jovians and played



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# Reporters' Sketchbook

by AVA FLAKINS  
AND ANNE ROSS  
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**IDA LIBBY DENGROVE-NBC**

Before becoming a cartoonist for NBC, New York correspondent Dengrove spent years as a portraitist, and her ability to catch likenesses is still her chief strength. The drawing of Jean Harlow (above) was done in about twenty minutes on the day the entertainment was sentenced for the murder of her dueling companion. "Ida Harlow's face had lanes carved by the stars," says Dengrove. "But there was a curious serenity in her eyes. I doubt she had begun to accept her fate." Using china pencils on unsuitable white tag paper, Dengrove usually begins by sketching in the basic architectural details of the countenance, leaving space for the figures of the jaw, eyebrows and chinbones, who will be added as they appear. The horizontal technique, practiced in some fashion by every artist, helps create a portrait in sequential, unimpeded strokes of high speed. "You don't do just a portrait for a person," says Dengrove. "You get a sense of who they are, their problems, their passions. What produces a composite."



THE COLLECTIVE MEMORIES ARE VIVID: Charles Manson's mocking grin, John Dean's pained composure, David Berkowitz's mad screams, Jean Harlow's terrible laughter. We owe these indelible images to the work of an elite group of journalists who report not in words but in pictures. Located almost point blank in the heart of the action, news artists go where we cannot—courtrooms, battlefields, the closed chambers in which decisions of state are made. They are our eyewitnesses; their visual testimony is often crucial to our understanding of a story. A news artist must be able to draw as automatically as a hockey player skates. There's no time to worry about technique. No one stops and poses at the courtroom, and no one signals the arrival of the crucial moment. The artist must instantly absorb the essence of a scene—details of clothing and architecture, as well as the characteristic expressions and gestures that make up a human. All this transpires in an especially short time. The arrangement of Mark David Chapman, John Lennon's murderer, lasted no more than four minutes, yet every artist there drew not one but several renderings of the scene. Should a story break late in the day, the artist will produce as many as five or six full-color drawings before the inevitable six o'clock television news deadline.

Working from firsthand accounts, wire copy, and clip-file art, news artists also produce re-creations—hypothetical renderings of places or events where no camera was present. Their aim is not to draw pretty pictures but to produce fair and truthful stories. Since the 1961 Supreme Court ruling permitting television cameras in most courtrooms, many television producers have opted for a photographer record of court proceedings. Nevertheless, these reporters seem likely to retain a place in journalism because of their extraordinary ability to distill truth from fact.

Ava Flakins and Anne Ross Stockwell are journalists and former art students who live in New York. This is their first collaboration for Esquire.



**HOWARD BRODIE-CBS**

The Korean War GI who was "watched as [he] was under dangerous conditions with [his] family in the hills," says Brodie. "He's still listed as missing in action." Long-colored pencil. Brodie has reported four wars—World War II, Korea, French Indochina and Vietnam—and most of the major trials of the last twenty years. "I even got to be Jack as 'Jackie Brown,'" he says. He has drawn Jack Ruby for his defense for Chicago Commission, Bobby Seale, found not guilty, top left; Charles Manson (top center), Arthur Bremer, Patty Hearst, and John Hinckley. "The essential thing is a drawing is a correct quality," says Brodie. "A very interesting thing happens in the course of a trial, you see the microcosm of the human family." Brodie opposed to capital punishment. Brodie has witnessed and sketched five executions, including that of the last man put to death by the state of California, in 1957. "It took the state's minutes to the day," Brodie. "Nothing compares with the horror of an execution."





## AGGIE WHELAN KENNY-ABC

On September 13, 1977, Attorney **Nicholas Sandora** told us show up at his endorsement trial. Kenny's there five minutes, getting behind in an example of what an idiot was doing when making his speech. "I've got one discovery, and now have to live with them," says Kenny. "When I covered the Larry Layton trial in Cape Canaveral, I was not allowed inside the courtroom. I had brought along a Polaroid, hoping to get a few shots inside the courtroom before the trial began, but someone used up all the film taking snapshots on the plane. She did the trial entirely from memory. Kenny usually needs an introduction, starting a shouting fit that contains a quart bottle for close range, a bottle cap, peppered readers for both black and white fresh tones, and two small containers which dump on to the edge of her watercolor box, for rising breathers. This setup may be cumbersome, but it's not nearly as tedious as this. "There, when a producer picked up one of my pencil drawings," she says. "He put his finger right on the head of a witness. The whole show swayed right off."

## MARILYN CHURCH-ABC

During the many months of testimony for the six sons of Sam Sheppard, **David Berkowitz** (above) had been quiet, polite, almost charming in court. "I had been taking them with my long dark hair," says Church. Berkowitz had killed a number of women with long dark hair. "I kept telling myself: He can't do anything to me. It'll be a comedy." But the case law that my emotions almost got in the way of my drawing. "But she remembered when, on the day of the sentencing, he suddenly exploded, lunging toward a woman that couldn't stand him, screaming, and screaming while in his mouth. Although Berkowitz's outburst lasted only about one minute, Church turned out three versions of the scene for her two employers, ABC News and The New York Times. "You need a photographic memory for this job," she says. "Laying a Berkowitz doll is a wreck. But the person is never not some people are harder to draw than others. There there are others." When the drawing starts to look like a portrait, Howard Baker's "Where's the face in this?" Senator Edward Kennedy's



## FREDA REITER-ABC

"My boss called me up and said: 'There's a little burglary I want you to cover, it should take about three days. I was in Washington for the years.' During that period, Reiter drew the faces of the Watergate people: Haldeman, Casper, Felt, Mohr, and others. Senator Sam Ervin, John Dean, John Ehrlichman. In general, mid-government Republicans make it difficult to draw at the Senate, where Reiter usually works of her time. News usually is restricted to the upstairs gallery for from the scene. Discoveries and coming through the Senate's breaks-in-the-middle (even in a hearing, who is usually may see in the Supreme Court, are the biggest, lighting in dim, and on the day of an important vote, competition for a seat can be fierce. If the Senate's business is concluded early, Reiter can spend part of the afternoon peeling her morning's work. But that kind of limit is a luxury, says Reiter, who is the identical twin of NBC's Deborah. "I've had people tell me: Get me two drawings of the Civil Office in Illinois sometime." "We need a picture of Sen. Baker's assassination in half an hour." "You can just go crazy!"



BETTY WELLS-NBC

[illegible]

# BARBARA CARRERA

IT, AS PART OF YOUR DESTINY, you've spent any time at all in those places favored by sleek men and women who tan without burning, who are always dressed in Valentino and Armani, and who practice the art of seductive conversation without ever revealing themselves, then your first impulse may be to take Barbara Carrera for granted. You've got her figured. While her looks are striking (olive skin, raspberry lips, cocoa eyes, and haughty cheekbones), the world's playgrounds are littered with such beauty. And while she can purr fluently in five languages (English, French, Italian, German, and Spanish), her delivery is measured with enough vapory poise and spicy tones to offend—sleazy—a man of almost mind, of purposeful destiny.

Moreover, she goes on and on about passion, about romance, about magic. Really, it's enough to put a jaded guy to sleep? And yet... sit and listen for a while and you find yourself staring not her lips, her eyes, at her cheekbones, but her hands, ordinary hands, nails with fingers neither long nor slender, with unpolished nails. And turn a deaf ear to the "delights," ignore the exuberances of mock surprise, mock amazement, and mock delight, and there she sits beside you, an eccentric, amazingly bright young woman, thoughtfully self-conscious.

Who is she, anyway? Born in Nicaragua, she started modeling in America and Europe when she was barely sixteen. Since then she has appeared in the kind of movies you see on airplanes: *Emilio*, with Rick O'Farrell; *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, with Bert Lancaster; *Condemned*, with Oliver Reed; and *U. S. vs. Jay*, with Arnold Aspinall. Four years ago, she starred in the endless television epic *Conquest*, and more recently she played Shiva in the eight-hour production of *Masada*.

Lasting works of great glory there were not—but in most of them, the sultry Carrera proved the could act. With a little bit of luck, and a touch of selectivity, Barbara Carrera will, quite likely, be a star. Internationally known, as they say.

The theme for this evening is discovery of self. Carrera loves, indeed she lives, to talk about it. It is a voice peculiar for its mix of an upper-crust British and Spanish accents, she propounds emphatically and endlessly on what might be called Carrera's Dilemma. "Wow. One discovers one's true identity (and thereby finds peace of mind) through the fervent rejection of one's conditioning. Or, as she puts it, "From the time you are a child you hear the words do not. Even so, from an early age every time I was told not to do something I immediately tried to investigate that thing. For me, exploring the forbidden is pleasurable. No, we are all conditioned, which means we must wear certain masks. But whenever something or someone shows me not to wear a mask, I feel very close to it. I am allowed to be passionate, and I love passion, darling! Passion is being able to express oneself totally in every circumstance."

She is sipping Russian vodka, straight. Carrera says that she rarely drinks, but when she does she likes to feel "the tip" of the alcohol as it touches her throat. "Look, darling," she murmurs, licking her lips, "the more you study human nature, the more you understand how complex each person is. Every one of us is completely unique. We come to know who we are at our own pace. We begin with what we were first told was right." Then find out that we aren't comfortable with what we were told. So we start to find different ways of being. This is how we finally discover the truth about ourselves."

At the outset, this sounds fake, the effects of too much solvent the brain-rattling result of too many super-sour, translucent cosmopolis. Carrera is unperturbed. She slows down some confusion and confusion, a wicker smile on her face. "I guess I have become a student of life. One of the things I believe very strongly is that we



STYLING: JAMES J. GALLAGHER; HAIR: JAMES J. GALLAGHER; MAKEUP: JAMES J. GALLAGHER

can only see ourselves in relation to how others see us. You ask if I'm complicated. I can only answer that I am complicated if you think I am. See, just sometimes I can be very complicated in a person who doesn't understand me!" At this moment, she breaks into an honest laugh, maddening and pure.

She dislikes talking about the facts of war. Gradually she reveals that she has been married and divorced twice. After additional prodding, she says that her father was American, her mother Nicaraguan, and that she grew up inside the gates of the American embassy compound near Managua. "My father worked for the

"I told you my father had many lives, and every lifetime before he had me. And he believed in the idea that one should share life only with the other person who was part of that life, and so me too. He had a taste for privacy. Because I had great respect for him, I find it difficult to be open about the life he shared with me." Her face brightens slowly. "We talked about continuing earlier. I suppose this is a part of my conditioning. I haven't rejected," she says, her eyebrows arched in a smile.

At seven, she says, her parents sent her away to boarding school. When? At first she won't say. Then, only she reveals it was "in the southern part of the

"No. Just sometimes."  
"And what does it feel like?"

"It feels exhilarating. Whenever I feel I might be losing my mind, I start to have sight of all the negative aspects of my life. You know," she says, picking up steam. "I seem to lose my mind, my life would be bliss. Because, I believe, it is the nature of the mind to see all the problematic things in life."

Throughout these dialogues, Carrera is cheerful, at times even glib.

"Do you ever feel guilty about anything?"

"Of course, darling, everyone feels guilt. It hurt someone unintentionally. I feel terribly guilty."

"Would you say that your first impulse when things go wrong is to accept the responsibility as your own?"

"Of course not," she says, faintly exasperated. "Usually, my first impulse is to think it was not my fault—unless I know definitely that it was."

"Think do you admit to being selfish from time to time?"

Carrera puts down her fork. "First we have to define that word. 'First we have to define that word,' she says firmly. "First, selfish means generating the self. And for me, self means everything. So, yes, indeed, I am selfish. I hope you understand how I mean this. It is very important that you do."

In a special room at her Beverly Hills home, Barbara Carrera examines a "relaxation tank," not because it happens to be the latest in California wet culture but because she has had a long-term friendship with John Lilly, the scientist whose dolphin research led him to explore what happens to the human mind when it is exposed to sensory deprivation. Carrera's tank is ten feet long and four feet high. Most, she says, with eight hundred pounds of dissolved Epsom salts, roughly equivalent to the salinity of the Dead Sea.

"I have no set schedule," she explains. "I go in and out of the tank whenever I feel like it. The longest time I've spent inside is five and a half hours. Fantastic! The experience of the tank is wholly personal. Deep, deep relaxation. To be inside is to become...space. It helps you to get to know your...self," she smiles.

For a time she reflects on the value of the relaxation tank. In the end she says, "You know, the tank is really an incredible thing. It is like a screen that allows us to observe our own evolution, our personal growth, our progress."

She takes the napkin from her lap and places it on the table. She smooths out her suede jacket (Armani) and her black silk trousers (Calvin Klein). And without detection at her watch (Van Cleef & Arpel), she raises a glass of pear brandy to her raspberry lips, offering a silent toast to her magnificent and—needless to say—to her very own self. ☐



American government—a coacher. I suppose you would call it."

"And what did he do, exactly? Was he CIA?"

Carrera turns and looks away, her first silence is over an hour. After a pause, she says, "My father was an ideologue. He died recently. I guess it's only fair for me to tell you why I am so reticent about talking about him. Have you read *Siddhartha*? Well, my father was Siddhartha. He had many, many lives. He was one of those extraordinary human beings who are able to turn the coin and leave one life behind and start another."

"How many brothers and sisters do you have?"

"How many?" she repeats, laughing.

and inquiry. A simple exchange:

"Let's talk about appearances. What might have become of you had you been born ugly?"

"I was born ugly," she smiles.

"Then what would have happened had you not turned into a beautiful woman?"

"If I hadn't, I would have made myself beautiful."

"And how would you have done that?"

"By believing it was necessary. To me, believing is magic."

"Do you ever think about sanity and insanity? Do you ever worry about losing your mind?"

"Yes."

"A lot?"

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By VINCENT BOCCIA

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[illegible]

**DRESSING LIKE A GENTLEMAN** can dignify even the most outrageous impulses. It is possible to be relaxed, even impetuous, without losing a bit of style along the way—all it takes is a judicious combination of sartorial elements as diverse as vibrant striped shirts, comfortable featherweight cotton trousers, and boldly elegant sport jackets.

# WATCHING TV WITH THE RED CHINESE

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER HEARD OF BURGER KING, LIQUID-PLUM, INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL, AND DAVID CARRADINE. A BILLION OF THEM ARE CHINESE.

by Luke Whisnant

EVERYWHERE THERE IS MEANING, ORDER, SHARED KNOWLEDGE—if you know the code. Somehow we understand one another. Over the blaring television, the black man in our front yard cries, Flea-flicker! Flea-flicker! pumping a brown swollen football behind his ear, sending his small sons across the snow. They zig and zag, fake and cut over footprint trails of patterns already run—and their father, without looking, lends them just right, hits them in the hands. They know the plays, have the moves down. We stand, Mr. Kim and I, at his apartment window and watch them run—poet patterns, down-and-outs, stop-and-gos, screens, bombs, backbreaks—the black men yelling: *Jackholes! Nasty-die! Red Dog! Red Dog!* The boys tumble over each other, laughing, the brown ball sloshes away across the ice, and Kim turns to me and asks: "Pleeeease to explain flea-flicker!"

No! Well, okay, I'm lying. Kim and his roommates, Chen and Wu, occasionally will replace their *ri* with *i*, but never the other way around. He actually says, with perfect pronunciation and only a slight hesitation: "What is a flea-flicker?"

"A pass pattern," I say. "Like an ancient art." Chen and Wu come over to watch me draw it in the window's dust. Kim looks on with interest. I explain the object of football, the different types of plays and their advantages, the concept of a pass pattern—set, prowl, receipt, shared knowledge.

"It is a way to know," Chen suggests helpfully. "So they know where to draw the ball."

Kim gives him a disgusted look. Wu scorns.

The brilliant Red Chinese!

They are the first in our city, and Communists, straight from the mainland. On their front door (2-south, across from mine, 2-south, one floor above the black man and his sons, 2-south) Wu has carefully taped a narsenpink: white cardboard, three lines of thick black pinyin, then, in order of seniority, oldest to youngest,

DAVID CHU KIM  
WU SHUNYU, WU  
CHU YONG, CHEN

"Just for the post office," Wu tells me. "So we can get mail from home." And the mail



LUKE WHISNANT is currently living in St. Louis, Missouri, where he teaches composition and fiction writing at Washington University. "Watching TV with the Red Chinese" is his first published story.

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corans. Somewhere in China, friends and family carefully copy their remastered names onto rice-paper envelopes—the difficult English alphabet and Arabic numerals of our address. Sometimes they send packages, staples from the other side of the world: green tea, hundred-year-old eggs, dried squid, newspapers. “Wah, new!” the black man yells. “Get clear, get clear!”

“Now he will throw it,” Chen says, looking out the window. I was not being ironic before, calling them the brilliant Red Chinese. These are the crack troops, the cream of the crop. Picked from more than two hundred applicants, alike as astronauts, they’ve passed an entire year of screening: three five-hour math and science exams, a month-long English revised course, psychological profiles, two parents physically extensive six-week brain-flags—all of which culminated in the award of a People’s Republic stipend for studying, at a U.S. university, Systems Science and Mathematics SSMA, they call it, to me a magnificent, vaguely sexual acronym. Hydro-logic. Kim explained to me once: Power systems. Communications. Control. Radar. “Like a computer.”

He wants to design the ideal system. Self-generating, he says, it would be perpetual. When it was finished, it could go back to where it started, like a ring that repairs itself. “Like art,” Kim says. “I would be an artist and my systems would last forever. They would not need human input.” “But then your job would be unnecessary,” I say. “Ah, I would design new systems.” Brilliant. The brilliant, a serious, cautious Red Chinese. Three levels. Sunday love me, black-and-white. Soap screaming crumbly feathers next to shaved hairy pudenda. Some machine boy lay ribs till today horns black lower horn—

“Been watching some football, have you, Chen?” I ask. “No best when they throw passes,” he says. “No too.”

Kim looks at Wu. Probably they are looking good. Already Chen means you, a down-stuffed wrist, button-to-chin. He has begun combing his hair down over his forehead. He has asked me for dating lead. He likes soap, hamburgers, Dr. Pepper. None worst of all he understands professional football.

“I’m leaving now,” Wu says to me. “Good afternoon.”

“Catch you later,” Lucy, resident American, says.

He stacks the door. Of course it is a woman who has turned Chen’s head around. See Ann Deep. I introduced them, too, and perhaps Wu holds the record for the most beautiful girl in the style blow, the mascot of the three, the

shiftest, with the most sinister laugh. I’ve seen him practicing his moves, slow, precise blocks and kicks, sudden explosions of limbs. He attracts all Americans. I see Ann Deep is still, however, broad-shouldered, healthy, has long long hair, freckles down her back, strong soft hands. She wears belated hoop earrings, loose pullover sweaters. She slips both hands into her jeans hip pockets and leans toward you when she talks. She has golden freckles in her eyes. She’s a talented woman with a voice to match. I don’t know what she means, but she says I’ll call, with a self-deprecating little shrug: “I’m a talented woman with a voice to match.” She winks a lot, she smokes. She’s sharp.

I introduced her to my Red Chinese neighbors at a Christmas party. The outgoing Red Chinese, usually, polite, an invited to parties every weekend. They’re popular guests, but they lose the attention, they end up answering the same questions over and over. I see Ann Deep arrived around Chen all evening. I say that with no malice. It’s easy to understand. At any party you can see strangers pairing off—and the more strange, the better. See Ann loves my unique, is a master for it. I watched her leaning code to Chen all night. I don’t see the end of it get through. He seemed puzzled, uncertain. Not that night, then. But she got to him eventually.

“Oh,” Kim says. “In China everyone makes the same pay,” Chen tells me. “Look workers and doctors make the same!”

Another exchange in Chinese. Then Kim says, “A few years ago, you, now a doctor, he will make maybe two, three dollars more a month.”

“You can make much more money here,” Chen says. And suddenly I see him through his momentary eyes a doctor. Resonance his citizenship, he’ll move to California. I picture him smiling, roller-skating, driving a convertible down Sunset. Soap, the T-shirt, some, take up pants, special, white, in a dark, dark, dark, Frisbee. He’ll consume, vision of Dr. Yang Chen dance in a hand, buying record albums, a water bed, a trash can, some. Drinking light beer, singing around. Poor Chen, too-toe-toe with the whitest head of Western capitalists—he never had a choice.

“You can make much more money in America,” Chen repeats.

“You need much more money in America,” Kim reminds him.

“They’re going to buy all right,” I say loudly. “...and they’ll steal construction. He’s perfect. He’ll be a millionaire. He’ll be a millionaire. He’ll be a millionaire. He’ll be a millionaire.”

And Chen softly exchange a few words in Chinese. “I’ve seen these two women fight about their laundry ground in the grass of the oldest water station—”

“Do these make sense to you, Kim? Commemorate, I mean.” “We spare them.” “Some things are universal,” Chen says carefully.

—Johannes Vermeer and Louis 6.5 percent interest compounded no minimum changes no withdrawal—

“The university catches our checks,” Chen adds. “The lady in Calicut. He is very nice.”

“She,” Kim corrects. “She’s She!” “She’s She is very nice.”

In spoken Chinese the pronoun is unimportant. I heard Chen make the same mistake dozens of times. We sit for a moment without speaking. “It is so expensive to live here,” Kim says.

“Yes, it costs so much. To get in debt.” “I know,” I say. “My new three paychecks are already spent.”

They stare at each other. “That—you do not have the money yet?” “No.”

“But they spend it already? Your paycheck?”

“No, I mean, I already have to spend it myself on certain things. To pay bills, still like that.”

Kim looks confused. Chen explains it to him. “Oh,” Kim says. “In China everyone makes the same pay,” Chen tells me. “Look workers and doctors make the same!”

Another exchange in Chinese. Then Kim says, “A few years ago, you, now a doctor, he will make maybe two, three dollars more a month.”



“Blair! Pies flake!”

“We’re sorry with me,” Chen says, as we watch Kim disappear into the kitchen. “He’ll get over it.”

Chen grins. He likes ideas. I imagine him playing “Beethoven” on the piano or on the violin, memorizing it, filling it away. One of Ann’s favorite phrases is “Look and a promise,” as in “We were so busy today I barely got to accounts payable, could only give you a list and a promise, and then had to go back to the phone.”

Kim brings news, streaming water in cartoon-character glasses. I get Bond. Warner. We watch the tiny leaves turn soggy. The water is cloudy through the clear water, Kim





to find I didn't own a Frisbee.  
"I know, it's mine—I'll borrow one!"  
"Borrow?" Chen says.  
"From the guy downstairs. The black man."

**H**OLIDAYS COMING, so I knock the door on a yard of reggie, and he's sitting there in a daze, but instead, Man armchair with a newspaper draped over his lap, and on the table a few ashtrays from his house is a long-haired 38-year-old. He looks at me, then at his eyes over the jacket and the glasses. I tell him what I want. Without getting up, he hands that newspaper to me. "It's the only one," he says. "Like it. Short. Strong. Back when you're in." The newspaper on the door says LITTLE

**W**HEN'S WHO? I ask, as they hang down the stairs.  
"He does not want to play," Chen blurts out. Kim shrugs.

"It's too American for him, isn't it?"  
"He has contempt for games with him," Kim explains.

The snow has melted, the ground's dried out, the footprints patterned, clean to the football history of our yard, have disappeared. Fuck it, a clump of grass and wonder what it explains first. Kim and Chen are not stupid. They're crack students in a highly technical field, and they're used to translating random data and equations into meaning and order. Their English is good. They catch on quick. But football? What's a concept? Where do you start?  
"Well, I pick up a ball." "This is how you hold it," I say, and they nod. "These are called legs."

We wander outside to watch disinterestedly. He will not play, though his roommates ask him several times.  
"Come, Koratka," I say. "Let's just throw a few."

We spread out and I toss Chen a pass. Of course he drops it. He looks the ball back, stuffed arm, and I throw Kim. The ball hits to the ground. It's hopeless. They'll be eaten alive. The 38M team put warts them to fill up space—as stopgaps, grasshoppers, grubs. At best they'll serve the bench. At worst they'll play the line and be battered and bashed by those big bruiser guys. First rule, teach, and not eating Americans who've spent their longitudes careers seeking quarterbacks and blocking backs.

But if I can teach them some pass patterns, maybe their stars will use them for drops. Maybe they'll be able to look the dangerous situations in the line of scrimmage and get downfield when it's less cluttered, safer. So I show them what I know—butterflies, tarantulas, easy stuff. Every now and then they're able to catch one. "The ball is a bad shape," Kim says

apologetically.  
"What do you guys play in China?" I ask.  
"Ping-Pong, right?"  
"Yes," Chen answers. "And volleyball. Every day."  
"Every day? Right, W?" I call. We have contempt for games with balls.

Two black kids in nylon ski jackets appear around the side of our building. They stop and the tallest one says, "Hey, that ain't yours?"  
"What ain't?"  
"That football. That's mine."

"Oh yeah?" I ask him.  
"Yes."

Instant, one hand on the ball, look him in the eye. "What's your name, tough guy?"  
"Lemone, see that ball?"  
"What's your name?"  
"Cortez. Little. Lemone see it."

"Cortez?"  
"Yes. I mean, tell me, did you stole my ball?"  
"Go ahead."

He strides to their door and punches against it with his hip. It's locked. Kim, Chen, and I watch him beat furiously against it with his fists. He smokes. "Fella trouble now," Cortez's brother says.

Kim looks at me. "Maybe we should give the ball."

"I told you not to play," Kim says.

The door opens and Cortez's father stands there yelling. "Hey, I told you to go out and play and stop bothering me!" But Dad they got out ball, Cortez, you're making me mad. Then he looks at us, catches my eye. Steps out into the yard.

Stop. Says: "All those of you Chinese guys are down here, the first nobody in your apartment, and you left your damn TV going full blast. Don't you know there's an energy crisis in this country? Now oughta all be lined up against a wall and shot."

"Is that why you're up at this point?" I ask him.

He looks at me hard for a second, steps up so close he can breathe in my face, and then breaks into a grin, sheepish, shy—and I grin back at him and he says, "How about a game, Sport?"

And we're both grinning the whole time.

"Meaning boys'll stand all of you. Two-hand touch below the belt. No nintendo, one run per series, three completions a first. One-man rush unless the passer handles it, runner expects four Man-supper. Play to those touchdowns or until it gets dark."

"No no foul game," Cortez says.

"You guys want to play?" I ask the Chinese.

"Yes," Chen says excitedly. "Kim too."

"Kim?" Kim says.

"You forgot?" I say, turning back to Little. "How about two-hand touch any-where? And just two completions for a first down, 'cause these guys have never played before?"

"Now. That'll make it too easy."  
"Hey, come on, man. Look at 'em, they'll never even touch a football till hell is here again."  
"All right, Sport. Here it goes!"  
"And so Mississippi. You had for them to say."

"Tough try," Cortez's brother says.  
"Shut up, Man," Cortez says.

"We can say it," Chen tells me.  
"You sure?"

We set the boundaries and toss a coin.  
"Okay," Little says, "you lack off to you. Let's go, boys."

Leaving them as hurriedly I try to explain the behind to Kim and Chen. Little runs in from the yard, points at us, who's still looking against the building, saying, "What about him?"

"Play with us, W," Kim calls, but he shakes his head slowly.

"Please, Ma," Chen adds.  
"No," he says emphatically.

"Go on, look it," I yell. And the brown ball drops, Little's leg comes up, and there's a follow that, like a car door slams, and as the ball hits up, with Cortez and Mandy under it running heavily toward us. I have just an instant's premonition that the game will be a disaster.

**A**ND IT IS A DISASTER. TEN MINUTES after the kickoff the score is 21-up and we have to negotiate terms. "Okay," Little says, "we'll play to the first six touchdowns." It will be enough for the moment more, perhaps. "Let's add this," I say.

"We won't worry about who wins?"  
So we start. And soon only Mandy can remember the score, vindictive but, every few minutes he teases us with, "We slaughtering you!"

I send Kim up to rush although he can barely cover his Mississippi. Just watch the ball. Don't let him around you. Says, Little sends his nose on a crimson. Chen and I bump in midfield. Cortez gets behind me, snags the pass, and picks up twenty yards before I can run out of bounds.

So the next play I hump back. Every Mandy's a lot of running room, and when the pass comes in, lobbed low and easy, I dig in, cut hard, and falling forward reach in front of him to scoop the ball into my arms.

"Big!" Mandy yells. "You stopped it."  
"No, he didn't," his brother says. "That was about the perfect pick-off I ever seen, too."

It's their first turnover.

"What happened?" Kim asks worriedly.  
"Turn again?"

I send them downfield and just the ball in the air.

Little's making it hard to scramble. Finally Chen breaks clear. Cortez is coming up fast, so I have to drill it, but it's a perfect pass. I hit him right in the chest. Chen drops it. "It hurt," he explains.

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In the bubble we lived, they watch me  
draw diagrams in the dirt. "Kim, you center,  
then go out about five steps and just  
turn around. And Chen, you run a zigzag  
like this."

"Let's do the Sea-lickies," Chen suggests.

"We need another player. We need Wu,"  
Kim says.

"Not chance," I say. "There's a war on."  
"Maybe Sue Ann will play," Chen says.

"When she gets here."

She gets there only a minute later, just  
in time to see me sucked by Little on  
fourth down. "Looks like the Communists  
could use a little expertise," she calls from  
the curb. I don't answer.

"Soon we will catch a pass," Chen tells  
her hopefully.

"Now they have it again?" Kim asks.

"Yeah. You cover Cortez. I got Marty.  
Chen, you rush. Get up there. hurry  
Count your Nipples."

"Half! Half!"

"Cover, Chen!"

"One Mississippi..."

"Get clear! Deeper!"

"Two Mississis..."

"Go Cortez, go!"

"...see Miss..."

"TBD! Awright, Cortez! We sleeping!"

"First Mississippi!"

We laugh.

**B**UT WE FINALLY COMPLETE A  
pass—a quick toss to Chen—I  
pass it soft, the ball bounces, fir-  
brown as brass. Chen reaches  
out, it bounces off his down vest into his  
hands, he fumbles it excitedly, drops it  
on one knee, and he lost it. Cortez says  
loudly then, as if on signal, the game looks  
up. Laughing, Little admits they've had  
enough. Sue Ann kisses Chen, like the  
head cheerleader kissing the quarterback.  
Wu and Kim look green, embarrassed.  
"Nice catch, Chen," I say solemnly.

"Four guys didn't do half bad," Little  
tells me. Yeah, I think. They didn't.

Everybody trumps back inside. I stand  
for a moment on the dark lawn and then  
follow Chen and his girl to the door. Well,  
there's meaning and order everywhere—  
and a war in Vietnam. People are dying,  
and Chen has his hand in Sue Ann's hip  
pocket. She looks back over her shoulder,  
throws me a quick wink as he leads her up  
the carpeted stairs.

"See you later," Chen tells me. And I  
run back alone to my clean, elegant apart-  
ment, where all the lights are burning.  
Where the heat's on full force, the re-  
frigerator's full of food, the radio plays all  
the hits. Where there is no enemy camp.  
Where through the paper-thin walls I can  
hear Chen's TV blaring out the heartbeat,  
the pulse, of our chances homelanded, and  
mine, America. **G**

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# QUARTER NOTES

*The Esquire  
Music Review*  
SPRING 1982  
JAZZ COUNTRY ROCK CLASSICAL

## ARETHA FRANKLIN: THE QUEEN OF SOUL GOES UPTOWN

*Also featuring Yo-Yo Ma,  
Hank Williams Jr., and  
Shannon Jackson*



# Shannon Jackson

*Transcending the limits with old-fashioned swing*

IT'S ALWAYS GRATING when innovation obscures the complexity of jazz. Until recently jazz connoisseurs were associated almost exclusively with youth, the musicians inside their starchy ties and tweed suits—Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker at twenty-five, Coleman Hawkins at twenty-two, Miles Davis at nineteen. Now, however, it sometimes happens that a musician of long experience will suddenly shed his and challenge his own former assumptions, as well as everyone else's. This was certainly the case in the Sixties, when musicians like John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy set aside their bebop groundings to help usher a "new thing," and it's even more true of the past decade.

For all that, Ronald Shannon Jackson, at forty-two, seems an unlikely pioneer. After playing drums in New York for a decade, he managed to achieve almost total obscurity. Then, during a period of three or four years with Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and James "Blood" Oliver, he became the most talked-about drummer in town. Today, quite without warning, he forms as a bandleader and composer of considerable stature and originality; his band, the Decoding Society, is one of the most electrifying in jazz.

I first heard Jackson play drums on Ornette Coleman's 1976 album *Twisting as We Mind*, but it wasn't until two years later, at a Cecil Taylor recording session, that he impressed me as someone to be reckoned with. Taylor's band was working through the final take of an album subsequently released as *3 Phases* when Jackson, holding each stick in a tight overgrip, suddenly switched into the music a volatile backbeat that transubstantiated Taylor's free rhythms into a sort of baroque explosion. Here was a drummer whose notion of freedom did not preclude a devotion to dance-beat rhythms—why transcend the structure of countable time without violating his decorations to swing. With

the Decoding Society, he makes his births swing as hard as he does.

Jackson—a tall, lean, disarmingly relaxed man who lives with his family in a comfortable Manhattan high-rise and leads his hair with rats, bolts, beads, and subway tokens—credits his late blossoming to his conversion to Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism, like Herbie Hancock, Buster Williams, and other well-known musicians, he checks every day, and his music that chanting plucked him into the rhythms of life. On a secular level, his breakthrough can be traced to an astonishing range of musical experiences that he has thoroughly absorbed and ingeniously synthesized. Jackson's career supports the argument made by an Edward Albee character that it's sometimes necessary to go a long distance out of the way to come back a short distance correctly.

He was born and raised in the uncommonly musical community of Fort Worth, which also produced Ornette Coleman, Dewey Redman, Julian Marshall, and others. Two conditions that stimulated so much local talent, Shannon feels, were a powerful Methodist tradition and a strong economic, superior to the availability of local instruments in the schools. Even before school he was exposed to a variety of music, his mother played piano in church, and his father stroked jacobean and op-edist at a revival store. There Shannon first heard his father's favorite bluesman, Bessie "Wild" B. King, and Charles Brown, and such jazz musicians as Charlie Parker, Erroll Garner, and Dave Brubeck.

After studying the rudiments of music on piano, Jackson switched to drums, the instrument that had first caught his fancy, and by age fifteen he was working professionally. By the time he ascended to the drummer's chair in the high school band, all the audiences were operating. "In the morning you'd wake up and hear hillbilly music on the radio," he recalls. "In school

we'd play *Lullabies*, and at night we'd hear *Bo Diddley* or Bobby 'Blue' Bland. On Sunday we'd hear gospel. It was a total black community, and music wasn't segregated in jazz or pop—nobody told you you weren't supposed to like something."

In 1958, Shannon matriculated at Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri. It was a good place to be: his freshman-year roommate was pianist John Hicks, and his peers in the school band included Julian Marshall, Lester Bowie, and Oliver Nelson. But Shannon was more interested in playing and listening to music than studying. When Dixie Gillespie and John Coltrane were scheduled to perform at St. Louis, Shannon left school for the concert and never returned. He tried college again, though—this time at Texas Southern University—but lasted only a couple of weeks because he were himself out playing a supper club until midnight and then in after-hour jamming jams. Returning to Fort Worth and his father's job shop business, he was exposed to the adventures, young jazz life's—Blue Note, Prestige, Riverside—that were pressing him for the pieces. Jackson credits

**SEVERAL qualities of Shannon's music impress the ear immediately—his gift for evocative melody, his penchant for counterpoint, and his voicings for reeds.**



"IT'S GOT TO SWING—SWING IS THE BEE IN THE MEATLOAF—BUT IT CAN BE BOY REGGAE, ROCK."

two events of the late Fifties with straight-ahead jazz: the branching of Sputnik, which inspired him to launch himself, and the release of Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*, which gave him the direction—away from the late-night jamming, drinking, and dope smoking. When he enrolled at Prince Vase A & M in East Texas, it was for two years of history and sociology—a college of period. And when he transferred to the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, he was introduced to those subjects that he intended not to play music at all.

Hopkins, his resolve was short-lived. He began sitting in with local groups and was recruited when he visited New York and

found his old roommate John Hicks playing at Slugs. In 1967, a scholarship from the New York College of Music enabled him to move to New York to work in various community stage bands. In no time his schedule was once again filled to bursting.

Ironically, his first recording session—with saxophonist Charles "Yip"—came shortly through the unknown auspices of his father's mentor, Ornette Coleman. Charles Muller, Coleman's drummer at the time, had been hired for the record, but when Coleman asked him not to play with other musicians, Jackson was brought in as a sub. *Albert Ayler*, one of the most controversial and virtuosic fig-

ures in the avant-garde musical movements of the Sixties, was present and offered Shannon a berth in his band. All the pieces seemed to be falling into place. When Ayler wasn't working, there was gigs with Betty Carter. Even Charles Mingus was willing to take him on as a second drummer, concentrating on tempo. Yet a combination of bad habits and economic considerations prompted Jackson's decision to move to Queens, where he buried himself in African social weddings, his rituals, local bars.

Shannon was in his early thirties and, despite all his experience, utterly unknown except to a small nucleus of mus-

since then, in 1991, pianist Ozzy Alden Garza invited him into Bobbitt's chaotic, hip, garage-sax-apolo room to record for an hour at a stretch. "Your last Shanson record is in a Georgetown Village restaurant where who should walk in but Umico Coleman—in search of a drummer. Coleman was preparing a European tour, and Jackson rehearsed with him every day for a month, but they ended on a party that would culminate in the recording of Coleman's *Dancing in Her Head and Body* [1991]. It was during this time that Shanson was introduced to Coleman's street-slang playing and writing music that are people, education, and what Coleman calls his "harmonic" in contrast of harmony, movement, and melody [Theory].

When I asked Jackson to explain this match-headed-sold term, I was surprised by the good-humored candor with which he confessed, "I couldn't. Yet he warned to the subject as if assumed a general or philosophical, as opposed to specific and sociological, meaning. 'The melody is a system to train people away from what's been done. I can tell you that—it's not hard. It's to do with everybody playing in different keys and yet being equal.' Coleman never spoke about harmonics at all, but he wrote out a series of scales for Jackson to practice on his flue, based on the relationships between keys and on the mechanics of overtones. He encouraged Jackson to write down his own melodic ideas and to think in terms of the highest and lowest pitches of an instrument rather than the conventional of a single key."

At bottom, Coleman was guiding Jackson into thinking of musical scales first and traditional harmonic rules second, if at all. As Shanson puts it, "Most musicians were thinking in terms of chord changes, which meant that there weren't much original song writers. The problem today is to get musicians to stop thinking in terms of standard chords and keys." Yet total freedom isn't necessarily the answer. "Albert Ayler and play everything, did in every key. But when I got to Cecil Taylor and Olivier Coleman, I couldn't write like that at all. The thing I'm trying to do is organize the music, and you have to rehearse constantly because we're talking about putting together all the musical ideas of the past thirty years. It's just so overwhelming it's like the egg in the market—that it can be big, organic, raw, classical. It has to be a total experience for everyone involved, like going to a Bobbitt meeting, where we deal in our values, not in ego or who we are and what we do." That's why his latest is called *The Devolving Society*—it deconstructs, finds a common denominator, amplifies, and brings together.

A period with Taylor, whose music is freely yet fastidiously organized around the energies of his musicians, followed,

then a stint with Blood Union (furthered Shanson's interest in combining electric and acoustic instruments). These were the final elements in helping Jackson discover his own music back correctly. The next step was to assemble a group of musicians to rehearse the music he had been writing.

Several qualities of Shanson's music impress the ear immediately: his gift for inventive melody has no counterpart on stage. In pursuit for counterpoint, and his distinctive vacuums for riffs. Shanson tends to compose in the high-pitched register, which creates difficulties in writing for lower-pitched brass instruments and in mixing the sound. As a result, he concentrates on saxophones, guitars, violins, and viols. And because he works with select groups of musicians, he has developed a thoroughly idiosyncratic ability to get the most from his cohorts. Byrd Lancaster, Charles Bracken, Lee Rizzo, Vernon Road, Michel Gribbe, and others have never been heard to better advantage.

At the center of his alternately rocking, searing, contemporary, ascetic, and ecstatic, but always colorful, musics are the drums. Shanson employs a three-beat rhythm—two sixteen-note notes followed by two eighth notes, or the reverse—in his foundation, but he layers it in a head-on-on of rhythms. For several years he kept a diary in which he figured out the mathematical quotient of each day and produced only the equivalent rhythm. The result of this obsession with time is a staggering fluidity. His rhythmic change with kaleidoscopic unpredictability, yet he always presents the fusion of different meters. His melodic structures are kaleidoscopic, too.

The highlight of his first album, *Eye on the (About Time) 3000*, is called "Apolo Love Song." It begins with two guitars playing the same identical melody in different keys, then the music enters with an extension of that melody, while guitarist Bern Nax introduces a new theme. During the intense middle section, Nax improvises off the melody he introduced, violinist Billy Haas improvises off the part for the next, also improvising. Byrd Lancaster plays freely within the context of the primary melody, and senior saxophonist Charles Bracken improvises with total freedom. "Nightwhinders" combines a moody, virtual tone, played out of phase, with a storming rhythm recalling George Krupa's discussion on "Sing Sing Sing."

Nasty (Moers 1988) contains Jackson's two most euphoric using authentic title piece, with areas voiced high over a shuffle rhythm, and "Small World," a superbly crafted theme that underlines the much subtler of Shanson's rhythms and melodies. The most ambitious piece is "When We Return," which begins with a melody stated twice—originally by flute, soprano, and viola, and then on drums. After the theme is repeated at a faster tempo, Vernon Road enters on a long,

tormenting flourish solo, while the three saxes and the viola repeat the melody. Unfortunately, the composer's intention of having the improvisation and melody lead each other is subverted, since the second race all but averages the ensemble.

His third album, which will soon be released on Moers, employs his current working band—Rizzo, Haas, Gribbe, Zane Ramsey, and "Revolution" Bruce Johnson. One cut, "Cinelo Ray," is a backbeat extravaganza with a horn arrangement that suggests the all-pitch excitement of a rhythm-and-blues band but with a fairness, spirit, and complexity that avoid anything in the genre. The air may make connections between the spontaneity of events, but the total effect on the listener is constant subversion and surprise. "Society Walk" is a witty pastiche of jerky, wacko rickshaws that showcases Jackson's ability to write new melodies from familiar instruments while keeping the undercurrent rhythmically jolting.

That his work is confined to small labels that are at best unobtainable in this country and have neither the facilities nor the financial wherewithal to record his music properly may indicate that, however healthy the solo electronic may be, the industry that should be documenting it is in a state of decline. Twenty years ago the adventurous listener had a space in Jackson's labels' palaces would have been developed and another to sign on a band as accomplished and well received.

Jackson's music is innovative because it achieves old goals in new ways: it is not about to be many new musical sets rapidly redefined the way. For all its debt to Coleman, Taylor, Ayler, and who knows who else, it speaks in melodies that are acoustically recognizable as Jackson's own and soaves with the knowing grace that only a great benefactor can impart.

Geoff Garbus is the author of *Rolling on a Hot Lead* and *American Pop* (Harvard).

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# The remarkable reincarnation of Hank Williams Jr.

WHEN HE WAS eight years old, in 1957, and all his friends were getting ready for another year of elementary school, Hank Williams Jr. wrote the road for the first time. The opening verse was to Swansboro, Georgia, and the son of country music's most enduring legend walked onstage with his hands stuffed in the pockets of his black cowboy suit, surveyed his audience and in his high tenor voice began singing his daddy's songs.

*I gotta feel' called the showman,*  
*oh Lord*

*Sings my love and goodbye*  
*(1955 with dad)*

About twenty years later, with his own tale in shambles and the same demons that destroyed his daddy causing chaos and despair, Hank Williams Jr. scanned up his life in a single, bitter verse.

*When I sing these old songs of Daddy*  
*Sound like every one comes free*  
*Lord, please help me,*  
*Do I have to be*  
*The Living Proof?*  
*(1975 Thomas Nash)*

From the time he was old enough to hold a guitar, Hank Junior was *The Living Proof*, the reincarnation of the wanted Hank Williams, dead of pills and liquor on New Year's Day, 1953. He sang his daddy's songs, memorized his daddy's jokes, practiced his daddy's stage patter, and, ultimately, seemed designed to repeat his daddy's note here. "He called it 'The Williams Curse,'" Hank Junior says. "I wasn't afraid."

The bizarre saga of Hank Williams Jr. might have gone down as footnote in the already well-known history of country music—except for LARRY MARSHALL, an Arkansas newspaper headline in the early Sixties put it—except for two things. The first is that before there were "outlaws," before there were "urban cowboys," before Wayne Jennings was a household word and Willie Nelson was a saint, Hank Junior knew, he stone-cold knew, the path coun-

try music would take on its way to becoming a national mania. He knew it so well that, at the very depth of his personal life, he put it all down on an album, *Hank Williams Junior and Friends*, in 1975, the poster example of the fusion between rock and country ever recorded. The other reason Hank Junior has avoided footnote status is that the Williams, and, unlike 1975, people are finally listening.

*Country music singers*  
*Have always been a real clear family*  
*But lately some of my friends*  
*Have discovered a few others and me*  
*(1975 Nashville Sound)*

The story of the whole thing—the son overhauling dad's with his dad daddy's endless interviews on the "radio-like" similarity between father and son, the premiere on the Grand Ole Opry (at age eleven) singing the song that made his daddy a superstar, "Lovesick Blues"—was that there really was a lot of Williams Junior in Williams Junior. Like his daddy, he knew all about working an audience. Aside from his ability to play just about any musical instrument dropped into his hands, Hank Junior was a dynamic performer, heavily influenced by the rock 'n' roll side of his younger days. His third record, released in 1964, was a version of "Boyz n' the City," the first, of course, was his daddy's "Long Goin' Lonesome Blues." While most country artists of the time stood rooted in one place onstage, challenging a microphone and not moving, Hank Junior was the son of the rock 'n' roll wild ones. Hank Junior wanted the stage like a dervish, shifting from microphone to microphone, from (begrudging) rockability, from (scholarship) country ballads to "Sweet Little Ole Me."

But that wasn't what the audience came to hear.

They came to hear the reincarnation of Hank Williams, the one true son of the road South.

When the road has to offer teenagers isn't confining to a normal life at home.

and with his already unstable personal life falling like a house of cards, Hank Junior found himself in the odd position of having his records—"Hole-in-the-Head" (1972), "Pride's Not Hard to Swallow" (1973), "The Last Love Song" (1975)—while playing to audiences who wanted to learn his father's son's father.

*Why just the other night after the show*  
*An old drunk came up to me*  
*He said, "He ain't as good as*  
*your Daddy, boy,*  
*And you never will be."*  
*(1975 Nashville Sound)*

While Hank Junior had always written songs, by the early Seventies he'd taken himself into song writing with a vengeance, trying to place his life against the words of his songs. Like the songs of Hank Senior, the songs of Hank Junior became increasingly personal, honky-tonk vignettes frozen in amber. The best of these songs he saved for his friends shows, the friends being members of the Atlanta Brothers Band, the Marshall Tucker Band, and Charlie Daniels—the cream of southern rock then riding the top of the pop charts.

The more that Hank Junior heard in his mind was more than just that of a country

**IN what is perhaps the oddest twist of all, while no one was looking Hank Junior turned his jaundiced eye on current events and became the most overtly political songwriter in country.**



"WE CALLED IT 'THE WILLIAMS CURSE,'" HANK JUNIOR SAYS. "IT WASN'T FUNNY, EITHER."

boy who wanted to sing rock 'n' roll, just like the son of a son of a son. He was more than just a white boy singing the blues. What he wanted was no less than a confirmation of the old fashions—bluegrass, R&B, country, rock & roll, the kind of music that had powered southern honky-tonks since Big Boy. Those bastions were the roots of Nashville, and country music had drifted too far away from those roots. Like ex-R&B star Richard Nixon extending a hand to China, a would-be person with impeccable country credentials to bridge the barriers between country and rock, and whose credentials could be more impeccable than The Living Proof himself?

With *Friends in the Cars*, Hank Junior decided on a trip to Montana in August, 1975, to the Big Sky Country, to get himself ready for what he thought would be the toughest tour of his life and in song, once and for all, to rid himself of the Williams Curse. He did, but not in the way he expected. While crossing a snowfield on Big Sky, along the back edge of the Continental Divide, Hank Junior slipped, plunging five hundred feet down the side of the mountains. What struck him was a boulder, and he landed face first.

*They said I'd never sing again,*  
*I learned a lot about my friends*

*"Grieve when you're shot down and out,*  
*You don't get many calls*  
*(1976 Nashville Sound)*

It took the first outgoings in the country more than a year to reassemble Hank Junior and the word "miracle" was used many, many times. When he did return to the stage in 1976, the kind of music he'd made in *Friends* was all the rage, and Hank Williams Jr. had been left behind.

He didn't stay left behind for long, though Nashville's "outlaw" against the standard, old ways of making music had quickly degenerated into an apparently endless number of freeze-dried cowboys and cowgirls, alternately expressing their









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lenty from rapper Isaac Hayes to rapper Berry White was typical. Hayes laid back on the line, White did a mock-acoustic self-joke, and so on. The action moved from Memphis and Muscle Shoals to Vegas and Television City, peeling up precious from credit-crunchy America and hard-edged jingles. Franklin wasn't left behind, though many of her listeners were.

You could hear her start to happen on *Wild Everything* (J. Real in May 1974). On the confided title tune and an update of Bertie Bacharach and Neil Diamond's "You'll Never Get to Heaven," the overproduction swamped her voice, which began receding into echo and equalization after belting the third snarl of the mix for its many albums. James Cleveland's "All of These Things," with a sparse arrangement, sounded fine, in the years ahead, even on her worst records, she could be, at times, as powerful, interested, and interesting a singer as she'd been in the late Sixties. But mostly when she threatened to get a groove going, as on "Son Nave Me," the production arrangements quickly put the arm on her.

On *Yes, Sweet Passion* and other late albums, the feeling returned that she was glowing in it. This time that had worked in the past started to fail. Her 1977 recording of Clark Terry's jazz novelty "Mamblin'" is an awkward as her 1973 version of Eddie Jefferson and James Moody's somewhat tender "Bloody Mood" was clumsy. The 1975 "You'll Never Get to Heaven" includes where her 1968 version of the same writers' "I Say a Little Prayer" glides. And her chorused, dissonant, disorienting ballad of the Rolling Stones' "You Got That Thing" (What You Want) is an embarrassing contrast with her 1967 "Satisfaction." It is not a matter of producers; the producers of her best records have worked on some of her bad ones. There is simply a matter of choice of material. In 1968, she made the piece of musical pop capsule "Blasiee Blatterly" and came into a credible soul record, in 1969, the opposite—she turned the soul classic "Hold On For Dearie" into a watery-soul novelty. It was a matter of a greatly talented artist shopping for an identity when the context of her first greatness has supposedly passed. The choice she made on 1970's *La Dine*—to be a disco queen—was made. Coproduced by Van ("The Hustler") McCoy, the album was an endurance derby for listeners in which all the over-players about disco—that it was rapid, unlistenable, false, cybernetic—were supported. To hear Anita Franklin was dancing through a mischievous arrangement with backslaps against her declaring "We're back against the line, we know what this is, we know!" was more than most of her fans could take, and *La Dine* landed for the count loss. There it joined *Sweet Passion* (1977), an which about started sampling the disco-soul-soul material that would dis-

low her to Arista Records in 1980. On her two albums to date for that label, she labors through forgettable songs of the sixties, can't get into post-head, Minson-Hamrick-Carole Byer Street strain, the vocal straggling up hills speared with a thousand and one strings.

These laments have obscured a couple of brighter spots in the Seventies—two albums produced and written (except one) by Curtis Mayfield, the former leader of the Impressions, whose "People Get Ready" Franklin covered in 1971. *Spunk* (1976) contained the songs Mayfield wrote for the movie of the same name, which traced the rise and disposal of a Motown-style girl group. That story line gave Mayfield and Franklin the chance to do an up-tempo, dance-rare, positive, "here's some other happy throwbacks, and honest-goddy love songs. The relationship resumed on *Almighty Fire* (1978). Mayfield's dream to be simplistic and his lyrics' wish "Some love is kinda hard to define," but he is, more than anything, earnest, in a way that calls back some of Franklin's emotional music. More important, he had a singer Rich Telfo supply her with straightforward, repeated rock-and-roll phrases, giving her more room to work than she normally gets these days. And on *Almighty Fire* she performs "The Four Speed," a ballad she co-wrote, with only her piano as accompaniment. The sounds wonderful—right there in 1978—with not a trace of her taste, power, or imagination missing. This is not a singer who needs to be recorded through electronic glass, not does she have to sound better—but how much commitment can she bring to today's arrangements of 1960s songs?

Some critics have looked for correlation between the shift in Franklin's musical style and her personal life—her two marriages, the present one to actor Glynis Johns, who was her on-screen foe "The Four Speed"—or her tendency to gain-and-loss weight. But her weight has fluctuated in both happy and sad times ("I can put on weight when I don't feel like being uptight about things. And I can take it off when I get ready," she said in an interview). And the personal details probably have far less to do with her musical choices than does the language-jumping habit of soul as a whole, in which the emergence of a Sly Stone or disco can put a hammer-blow in record company production trails and radio station playlists.

There is, though, an unhappy story here. John Hammond writes in his autobiography *On Record* that Franklin said Columbia for dropping some of her songs, which she felt the label, her executives into Hamrick-head have been as dreary as "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby," but those days she's a star with creative control and no one to sue but herself.

These letdowns, outcasts as they

may be about the decisions from which soul has lately been mounting small, obviously shouldn't be held against an artist who's given us so much great stuff. Understanding what the artist has given, the corporation has taken away. Only four Franklin albums, two of them greatist-lits packages, are in the Atlantic catalog, which means that about two great years are out of print. It's a time for Andy Soul, Aretha Arista, Aretha Now, Soul '83, *My New Fire*, *Spunk* in the Dock, and the others to be reissued? While we wait, we can cherish the hope that Franklin will one day send the strong contraction, Strawberry, poppies, and handle instructions home and cut an R&B album. To paraphrase herself, I'm just to blue (1970's) some other been gone.

*Continued from a California journalist and a New York Times staff writer.*

## JAZZ COUNTRY ROCK CLASSICAL PROGRAM NOTES

**PSYCHEDELIC FOR SEVENTIES**  
psychedelic? Well, it's here! The band Ann or created the supragroup concept by featuring Paul Palmer of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Steve Howe and Geoff Downes of Yes, and John Wetton of King Crimson.

**IN CASE YOU DON'T NOTICE**, José Feliciano has been recording again, now on Motown. Since he's stopped wearing those dark glasses, Feliciano looks twenty years younger. But that don't cut the mustard with Jewish Sound Laboratories. Feliciano says Jewish don't have out of their million-dollar ad campaign after he refused to appear in spots.

**AFTER CONSIDERABLE MUSICAL**, if not commercial, success in their cultural efforts over the last several months, the Talking Heads have composed with a vengeance. If you can find it, buy *Waywords and Complete* (New York City). They're releasing a two record live album later this spring, including early material from CBGB's.

**THE MEMBERS OF BLEND** have also gotten back together for an album about to be released. Coming after band-member Jimmy Devlin's solo effort, it will certainly coincide with Debbie Harry and Chris Stills' history of Blondie and the New York scene, *Making Tracks* (Dell).

**IN THE MUSIC** end-of-the-80s-strange-bedfellows category, the Onorandi recently videotaped a performance at Studio 54 by New Wave queens of disco soul, Lene Lovich. We can't wait for Lene Lovich: Punks commercial.

**MICHAEL GERSHWIN'S MID-PRICED** early, Accord/Intonehouse, canberra early and re-released hits by today's and yesterday's stars, and a new track by the Rubble Group's Greatest Hits. —M.E.

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BY BRIAN RABIN

# Yo-Yo Ma

## The serene and vibrant life of a virtuoso

IT IS GETTING dark, pouring rain, and Yo-Yo Ma and I are hopelessly lost in the vicinity of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. So once in the show we find ourselves in the back of the hall, and the young man (Ma) tells us "the greatest cellist alive" began in and out of my ear, querying me: "studies, students, and professors with leading countries but to repeat, the cellist, a Mexican Guadalupe made in Venice in 1722 and valued at \$200,000, lies across the back seat. His previous owner was Pierre Bernier, who probably never set foot or instrument in such a neighborhood. Inside it is the bow with which Leonard Bernstein had his career, an irreplaceable present from teacher to student. Yo-Yo does not seem worried by our situation. Instead, he exhibits an extraordinary aplomb.

As a teenager at Juillard he already had it—that combination of security, talent, drive, discipline, charm, and luck that sets off a prodigy from the rest of the crowd of accomplished young musicians. What was surprising about this prodigy was that his instrument was not piano or violin—the two instruments for which most dazzling virtuoso music is written—but cello. Only a few cellists—Pablo Casals, most notably—have become international celebrities. The cello literature isn't flashy or extensive enough, the players themselves do not have the fanboyism associated with violinists and pianists.

But Yo-Yo's instrument was only the first surprise. The second was that at twelve he had the technical proficiency of a mature musician. The third was that he was growing up in he did not enter conservatories and gave few concerts, although the formidable Sol Hershok had taken Yo-Yo on as one of his actors when the cello was only fifteen. Unlike other kids at Juillard Prep, who rarely went on to fourth high school, Yo-Yo was educated at part of the Ecole Française and the Trinity School; then earned an undergraduate degree at Harvard. The story of his evolution into a

virtuoso is unusual, a sort of an old-world Chinese father and an enormously gifted Franco-American son who grew up to realize his father's most ambitious dreams.

We are late at BAM in five minutes. Yo-Yo smiles one of the quick, boyish smiles that regularly illuminate his face. Now twenty-six, he is a slim, graceful man with thick, shiny black hair, gold-rimmed glasses, and even, low-key manner that belies both his status in the music world and the hectic life he leads. In 1980, he played more than one hundred concerts, including about sixty solo cello recitals with some symphonies, and many chamber music recitals, shuttling between his home in Winchester, Massachusetts, Europe, and China across the United States.

His popularity is due in part to a personality that pleases without being over-the-top, and mostly to a musicianship that characterizes artists twice and three times his age. Unlike the technical wizards who are regularly turned out at conservatories today, Yo-Yo Ma has emphasized experience and technique in his playing rather than technical refinements. "He produces a big enough sound, but it is never a thick one," wrote *The New York Times*. "It also is a sound that is consistently sweet, flexible, and subtle over long arcs. What we have here is a player who gets five varieties of pianissimo when he so desires."

"It's terrific," Zoltan Kocsis, musical director of the New York Philharmonic, said after a performance with the cellist. "It's a person I'm going to be working with all my life." Yo-Yo has recorded with conductor Herbert von Karajan, at the cellist's request, on Deutsche Grammophon and has made two records for CBS Masterworks, with which he has signed an exclusive recording contract. The first, a digital recording of cello concerti by Lalo and Saint-Saëns, with the Orchestre National de France conducted by Louis Maslari, came out last year and was followed by the Haydn Cello Concerti

in C and D Major. "The only problem I have with Yo-Yo," says his manager, "is finding enough days in the year."

Yo-Yo is accustomed to having cellists at the last minute, places that do not fit, officials who think his singing contributed to his cello. Getting lost in Brooklyn or arriving late and low on the list of possible cellists. "Cellists need to be flexible," he says in his close after a performance. "I tend to think of cello as a solo people. There's less of a demand for an chamber violinist or pianist. Most of us have played in orchestras, we play a lot of chamber music, we have to work with other people all the time."

He hops out of the car again and this time returns with directions to BAM. Violinist Gerald Phillips, who has been playing with Yo-Yo since they were in high school, and keyboard player Kenneth Cooper are waiting to rehearse.

Like every other extroverted artist, Yo-Yo Ma is so connected to his instrument that it seems a part of his body. His movements are so around it, expert efficiency, his fingers—also and elegant—come up and down the cello's neck with the assurance of a child, his bow arm seems to require no muscle. He is an expressive

**HE is so connected to his instrument that it seems a part of his body. His slim fingers move up and down the cello's neck with the insouciance of a child.**



HE IS AN EXPRESSIVE CELLIST, HIS FACE REFLECTING BEATIFIC JOY AND IMPOSSIBLE SORROW.

performer in the extreme, sweeping, shaking his head, his face reflecting everything from beatific joy to explosive sorrow.

Yo-Yo is a Chinese who has never been in China. He was born in Paris on October 7, 1955. His father, Hsiao-Tsuen Ma, had graduated toward the arts against his parents' will, in the 1930s he left China for Paris, where he earned a doctorate in musicology and courted his wife, Miriam.

The Ma lived in a fourth-floor walk-up in the Quartier Latin, where their two children—Yo-Yo and his older sister, Ysuo-Ching—had relatively little contact with the French-speaking world. At home they spoke Chinese. They ate baguettes with

cello so hot for breakfast but Chinese food at dinner and tea. They did not go to school but were taught by their father at home. Hsiao-Tsuen Ma supervised his children's participation in a correspondence course, studying French, French history, math, and the Bible. He also taught them Chinese language, calligraphy, and preventive. And, somewhere there went enough time to teach the children music and enough money to buy musical instruments.

Ysuo-Ching was playing both violin and piano by the age of three and was eight years old when her brother got started. Besides Yo-Yo, "My father played the violin, and it seemed that violin and piano

belonged to my father. When I was four, my father took me to the Paris City Conservatory. There, in a corner, was this beautiful double bass, which is dearer to me than any ordinary bass and looked huge to me. I immediately took it to it, but since I obviously couldn't play a double bass at that age, I settled for a cello."

Had a year later Yo-Yo was playing Bach sonatas. His father had secured a teacher, Madame Michelle Legrand, and a one-on-one teacher, which Yo-Yo played sitting on three Paris telephone directories. Although both children had private teachers, their father supervised practice and laid down a set of absolute rules: they

were not to disturb each other while practicing, or when he was to play, him, while, or sing the other's piece.

"My father had developed a system for doing every kind of a little bit doing a little bit before going to the next. He was very methodical, as an instructor, on learning the notes, making them perfect, developing memory. I learned two measures of a Bach suite every day. No more. No less. I got them right, I got to recognize all the patterns in the music. I developed my memory. It also made me think about what I was doing. By practicing only half an hour a day, I learned these Bach suites by heart by the time I was seven."

He played his first public concert at the house of Elie, at the age of 10. From that age five and shortly afterward left France to visit relatives in the U.S. Then Hans-Tamim was engaged in a music teacher at the Zerk School in New York City. His children studied there and were taken to play for important people, including Isaac Stern and Alexander Schneider, cellists Pablo Casals and Leonard Rose, conductor Leonard Bernstein. They appeared on the Johnny Carson show and on the first performance, telecast for the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. The Manns were a great success; their father decided to remain in America.

When Yo-Yo was nine, he began studying with Leonard Rose. He remembers taking in whispers, terrified by his father, and loved by the musician, lush sound. Rose drew from his uncertainty: "He had so much patience with me," Yo-Yo says now. "You, to me, he's a very kind man. He's mostly responsible for what I can do as the musician."

Rose remembers Yo-Yo as "a very small, very shy little boy, perhaps the youngest student I had ever accepted. I was very young with him. At age twelve he could play some of the most difficult, modern and advanced everything he played by heart. There was no visible emotional content at the time, and he didn't have much sound, but he was obviously very gifted. He was thoughtful, and as he grew older he began to develop a beautiful expression of technique and musical intelligence. I love the boy; he has the ability to move as very much."

Although it was clear that Yo-Yo was virtuosic material, Hans-Tamim had insisted on keeping his son "normal." "My father wanted us to be educated, good people first and musicians second," recalls Hans-Cheng. But while his older sister accompanied to their father's regular (about hard, home right after school, no sleep-over days, no adolescent), Yo-Yo, by the age of 15, was eight years older to be so. He was transferred from the "Yeh" school to the Professional Children's School. Even then he preferred to eat classes, bryde in Central Park, or go down to Times Square to dance.

The high point of his work was Sunday when he was 14. "I loved going there," he says. "I'd not classes just by with other people. Because I was so isolated at home, I was always curious about what other people were like."

During Phillips years that Yo-Yo was so shy that "he didn't say a word when he first began to play together," and says "he was a consummate clown by age twelve." Yo-Yo himself looked at himself that, as he puts it, "I was fairly good compared to other people," and that musicianship talent and confidence.

"I was afraid people would like me only because I played well," says Yo-Yo. "It was much later before I was able to accept that people really liked me because I did."

Companysong was a discovery for Yo-Yo. He revised it. At 16, his shyest began to talk, and he could himself trying to be "one of the guys." That summer he left home for the first time, to find music, and went "completely wild."

When he came back to his life, he enrolled as a full-time student at Juilliard and tried to combine in his new life-style while living at home. He took to drinking with all the exuberance of a kid, but his father was a family man. "One time they found me unconscious in a piano room and took me to Roosevelt Hospital," he says wryly. "They must have thought I had overdosed on Scotch. Actually, I had drunk a little of Scotch. My parents came to get me. I was underage. I wish they had gotten me instead, my father got up now because he thought he had been setting me a bad example."

It becomes clear that Yo-Yo could not go on. From at home, Hans-Cheng was back to him. Yo-Yo applied to Harvard and was accepted.

His choice of a liberal arts major that allowed him to take all the music courses he wanted, as addition to science, mathematics, and history, and, as a result, he performed and played on campus, he accepted only one concert engagement outside of college per month. "I began to evolve from being just a child to being a musician committed to music, and sharing that with people," he says. "Harvard gave me a different perspective on life. I realized that there were many other things that were as important to other people as music was to me. At the same time, my commitment to music was deepening." He was a member of Maritime working with Casals and Serkin and Suzuki Scherzer and Gary Cohen—on details, always details. "You could see their commitment. That's when I knew for sure that music was what I wanted to do."

A little after eight a.m. the concert hall at RAM is full of the elite is pulling on his concert clothes. His gro is as relaxed as it was a few hours earlier when he was late. The first walk out into a small stage in the sound of applause.

When Yo-Yo plays, his sound and face make a security that is particularly surprising in a young man not yet thirty. One senses that many important things are already behind him. He began his adolescence, spent his teenage years in solitude, and entered his twenties with a clear sense of priorities. When he was twenty-three, two weeks after he was married the Avery Fisher Prize, he was named in Marlboro.

Last year Yo-Yo underwent surgery to correct a congenital curvature of the spine, the long recovery period that followed offered him opportunity for reflection, and the critical criticism with a stronger sense of his art. "It's the accumulation of ideas that makes a true musician," he says, "and not just proficiency with the instrument."

It is just that "perfection of ideas" that has characterized Yo-Yo's playing in recent years that Leonard Rose calls "a unique sense of constant control." Yo-Yo has adopted his father's belief in the importance of a relaxed life, spending most at home, reading, talking to friends, staying in touch with his family. As for his career, he'd like—despite all developments to the contrary—for it to unfold slowly, as naturally as possible.

Notes: *Yo-Yo* is a boy from under and a few from the world of New York.

ALICE COUNTRY BOOK BARN

## PROGRAM NOTES

ON APRIL 18, the American Symphony Orchestra will celebrate its twentieth birthday concert at Carnegie Hall for its founding musical director, Leopold Stokowski. Stokowski, who died in 1977, conducted his first Carnegie Hall concert in 1954.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY of note: The New York Philharmonic (the oldest symphony orchestra in America) is celebrating its 100th year and will perform its 10,000th concert on March 7 at Avery Fisher Hall in New York. The evening will feature an audiovisual history of the orchestra and the performance of a symphony by former Philharmonic music director Gustav Mahler.

KEEP YOUR EYE on the budding recognition of the tangos, a folk dance music that originated in Argentina and saw its heyday in the 1930s. Newerish started off the novel with Teresa Stratas's *The Unknown Katerina* (half the songs on the album are tangos) and Deutsche Grammophon recently found a recording of tangos sung by tango Plácido Domingo. In April, Montezuma's coming out with one of the first albums of authentic Argentine tangos to be released in the United States. —L.B.

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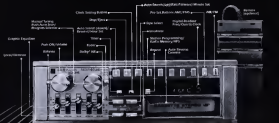
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## HIGH LIFE

BY TARI

## CHOICE LOCATIONS

Greece is for sport, London for parties, and New York for solitude

REGRETTABLY, when I say I live in London, I mean I live there only part of the time. For the past fifteen years my life has been a tale of three cities—London, Athens, and New York. And, as was the case in that other story, it's been the best of times and the worst of times.

Being free to choose where and how one lives is easier said than done. The many choices are almost as hard as to choose at all. It is like looking for the ideal woman: one thinks of the body of one, the personality of another, and the brains of yet a third New York, with its vigor and energy, would be perfect if it were ruled by the civilized English and if it enjoyed an Attic sky and climate. And, I might add, if New York would import Greek writers to replace the thugs who serve in restaurants, newspapers, bars, etc., the perfect city does not exist, and the pursuit of the good life has become nearly intolerable for a gentleman of means like me.

Every autumn I spend in Athens, which is, among other things, the schooling ground of Andreas Papandreu, who like last year was elected Greece's prime minister by a landslide. He was a solid anti-American ticket. Papandreu believes Uncle Sam not only for the fact that Greece does not produce enough food to feed its people but also for the Greeks' not being as technologically advanced as, say, the Indians. (Greece used to blame the gods in the old days; now they blame the good old U.S.A.) Papandreu is the capricious Athenian, very astute and well served in blurring others for the Greeks' self-induced disasters.

Now that Papandreu is in power I am happier than ever to be in Athens. As I watch the quality of life deteriorate and the people get carried away by the demagogues of the Left, I feel a perverse pleasure. After all, people get what they deserve. Athens used to be one of the most pleasant cities in the world to live in. I remember when there were half a million students and fewer than two thousand cars. The city had wide boulevards, and



the streets were immaculate and pedestrian-scanted. The endless sidewalk cafes had marble-topped tables, and the people were polite to one another, as they still are in the small towns. Then the Greeks decided to become consumers.

In twenty short years, not only has Athens become one of the most polluted cities in the world—it's even worse than Los Angeles—but the various governments have torn down practically every old building and replaced them with horrors of unsupportable ugliness. Cars choke the streets, and the noise is something apocalyptic. The Athenians manage to produce more cars than those suburban outcasts who used to live under Sam's embassy in Athens ever did.

It is only perverse pleasure, then, that keeps me coming back to the landplace of dimming and selective democracy? Well, not quite. Every year Greece takes part in European kernel championships. Because of my advanced age, the organizers who make up the team have elected me playing captain. So two months before the competition I go to Athens and try to reverse the habits of a lifetime. That means I drink a bit less and go to bed before the dawn—or at least with the dawn. Athens is a perfect place for self-denial. There is very little temptation to go anywhere or do anything, because Greek society comprises the

nouveau riches and the suffering nouveau riches. Crutcher.

Of course, in the springtime it's a different story. Then I go to Greece to get on my back and head for the islands, while the sailors' backs up north are still wearing thermal underwear.

Whenever I am not in training for karate or sailing the islands, I try to be in London. Despite valiant efforts by the socialists to ruin the quality of life in the city, London is still the best place in the world to live. In spite of them, I love London and I get tired of it, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, as much as I get tired of life in London. I even do some work—at very rare intervals. Much more pleasant are the regular Speaker

lectures I attend. As a contributor to the Speaker, I can safely say that it is one of the most respected and best-written political weeklies in the English-speaking world—and justifiably famous for its parties. At the luncheon, set in a lovely Georgian terraced house in Bloomsbury, high-color conversers, Oxbridge dons, famous novelists, serious music writers, backs, and even Shakespeare may lively.

What I find amusing about these luncheon diversions is that none of the highbrow stars ever take shop. In fact, I don't think I have ever heard an English or writer discuss his craft. There are no arguments about words, and nobody ever cites the words properly or often. A far cry from Elton's.

After I do my Speaker columns, I usually need a rest in the country, and so I go to my twenty-two-room Oxfordshire manor house, which was built in the early eighteenth century. It is a perfect place to relax—in the country, one does not have to think. Most of my country friends are called Jeremy and Amanda, and what we talk about concerns what Henry Wadsworth called the unspeakable in full pursuit of the unspeakable. The Jeremys and Amandas are squandering, and I prefer them to people with titles. Most titled folk are not only snobs but, alas, nouveau snobs. Thanks, Wadsworth, for going out more often.



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## OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

### THE SPORTING ART OF TYING FLIES

*It has its own aesthetic and its own moorings*

LATE ONE winter night, I found myself with a brown grocery bag full of pheasant feathers. I had plucked five birds because that is what the recipe called for—plucked birds. It had taken about two hours. I could have skinned them in twenty minutes, and I scored a shame to waste all these feathers. So I put them up where the ship wouldn't get them, and in the morning I brought them over to Jim Merwin, a neighbor who is the editor of *And A Rod*—the best fishing magazine around—and a fly tier.

When I saw Merwin a few days later, he said that he had used the tail feathers to make up some pleasant-looking nymphs, a great pattern we use of my invention. I didn't ask him for any details—the feathers are not that precious and he'd almost done me a favor by taking them off my hands—but I felt entitled to ask a few questions about fly tying. I don't really know much about it, and I have never tried it, since I don't feel confident enough about what the educators call my "mind motor skills." But it was winter, and if there is one thing a fly-fisherman can do in the winter that is connected to fishing and productive in a way that drydressing about trout streams is not, it's to tie flies. I thought I might be ready to give it a try, though I grew up on that idea when I remembered the moss I'd made with every model airplane I had ever tried to build.

I told Merwin that a man with a large nose in a wading cap had once told me he could teach anyone to tie flies. "If you can write your name," he had said, "then I can have you tying flies in an hour."

"I suppose he could," Merwin said. "But he couldn't teach you to enjoy it. You have to learn that yourself."

"What about saving money?"

"That's really secondary," Merwin said. "It's like dumping up things around the house, he explained. "If you don't genuinely enjoy working with tools, then you are probably better off calling in a professional."



"But you can save money."

"Sure. But that's coach. And if you really get into it, you'll spend most of what you save buying new materials."

"Then everything doesn't come in cases as these precious leathers?"

"None. Some of the best materials are very expensive. A good jungle-cock neck, for instance, will cost you a hundred dollars. That's if you can find one that's legal. There are all sorts of complicated restrictions on the import and the sale of fly-tying materials. Some things—stuff that is on the endangered list—are completely illegal. Far from a polar bear at sea, for instance."

Well, I asked, if you can't save much money tying your own flies, can a good man make any money then and selling them to people like me?

"Most men who sell do it through the wholesale market. The wholesale price these days is about six dollars a dozen for the standard patterns. They go for \$1.50

or so apiece retail. You'd have to be a hell of a lot of flies to make a good living at it."

"And your eyes would probably go bad, right?"

"Blue back. That's where most fly tiers live at Scott."

We talked some more. Merwin told me that Dan Bailey's, in Livingston, Montana, probably the giant of the industry, sells in the neighborhood of three quarters of a million flies a year.

Bailey employs thirty people to tie flies. "All of them are women, and none of them fly," Merwin said.

The fly-tying operation at Bailey's has actually made it into the movies, in a scene in *Kawato Dances*, a very fancy movie with a script by Thomas McGuane.

We talked about materials, and Merwin told me that the Henderson dry fly requires crane-scanned fur from the belly of a male otter for the tail, which is wound around the shock of the hook to imitate the insect's body. Fur traders can sell a pair in two-inch

priches for twice what the whole skin would bring from commercial buyers, who want the skins for coats and hats.

We also talked about collecting flies, which, it seems, isn't valuable unless they are old salmon flies or flies that were tied by a collector named Barrett. There are two men whose flies can bring in a premium strictly on the basis of their names. The legendary fly tie Dettie has been tying at his shop in Roscoe, New York, for more than fifty years, and his work is the finest example of the Caddisfly school. His flies are the classic patterns, tied to sit up an stiff hackle points (the bushy stuff near the eye of the hook that looks, if anything, like the legs of an insect). The other best white rascal is south something out in Reed Haven, a young man from the West who hangs his flies in St. Anthony, Idaho. Harp is almost thirty years younger than Dettie and is credited with some recent innovations in fly tying. Among them are the no-buckle patterns that are in demand





**COMPARED WITH SUCH TOTEMIC HEROES AS HENDERSON THE RAIN  
KING OR RUMBOLDIT, THE CHARACTERS IN THE DEAN'S DECEMBER  
SEEM A BIT STUMPY. THEY DON'T CAST LONG, LONG SHADOWS.**

outlast pop, another one of Bellow's stand-ins that contrains says "Whether Civilization?" Cordell's wit is even less susceptible. Means is said as a vessel of watery goodness, a delicate vase in which Bellow arranges a cluster of pink flowers. Compared with such totemic heroes as Henderson the Rain King or Rumboldit, the characters in *The Dean's December* seem a bit, well, stumpy. They don't cast long, long shadows.

Perhaps I'm simply not as steeped in Bellow as he's been much as I should be. The man is often hailed as a revealer of stars, but always seems to me to be his own. The unfinished letters of *Herzog*, the doomy radiations of *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, the six novels of philosophy in *Humboldt's Gift*—all indicate Bellow's overconfidence in his ability to lead the reader and lead court. Like Mr. Sammler's Planet, *The Dean's December* is an inquiry into the Decline of the West. Cordell's flapper articles are a descent into the cauldron, and one of the articles he's contemplating watching into shape specializes that the source of society's decline is a failure of lead in our skulls. As Cordell explains, "...we eat and drink lead, we breathe it. It accumulates in the veins, which are getting heavier by the day, and it's absorbed by plants and absorbed in the culture of the bones. Drains are not enough, and the consequences?" "That's the Grand Impersonal universal affliction that we have to worry about after all, but something worse, more Titanic—universal infestation, a Satanism, well, gloomy consciousness, the rising of ancient curses, and intelligence reduced by mental poison..." Despite his attraction to the lead theory, Cordell is too much a moralist and philosopher to accept a purely physical explanation for the world's downfall. So the novel oscillates between the snail of life's tangible realities—flesh, blood, lead, and flesh—and the speed-drinking snails of Cordell's musings.

It's the snails I can live without. Intelligence makes for a very short life. *The Dean's December*, but the book doesn't have the ease, the splendor, the playfulness of a great novel—the economical force that made Bellow's *Seize the Day* a compact classic. Peel away the crumbly gold meanings of *The Dean's December* because if he more than a thick perfume (insider in the magazine trade call it "thumb-cream"). Still Bellow is no expert at the dirty, pacy little intrigues between people that it's disappointing he's decided to write again to write on the page of the *Times* and more profitable into the next, shooting. "Working as hard as

shred!" His genius isn't the large-scale catastrophe but for the lasting currents of life as it's lived.

**SHAPELESSNESS** AND feebly whips of shading grace the career of Jean Stafford's *The Catherine Wheel* (Foco Press paperback, \$7.95), a novel so sensuously left that it makes more without look as if they were shaping words on the page with their elbows. Originally published in 1951, *The Catherine Wheel* has been revised by Ecco Press as part of its "Unpublished Books of the 20th Century" series. I don't understand how *The Catherine Wheel* came to be neglected in the first place—a best-selling novel nearly every novel published by a "name" author in the post-World War II era. Stafford's prose has a stately, hushed spaciousness "all in the harness and half out of it. Andrew [Shapiro] started a battle in the arena and brutally murdered obscenity. A squirrel issued from the crotch of the tulip tree and took, three feet away, steadily out with her back to him. Nothing could make him feel worse, when he was feeling bad to start with, than the result of it all." Why is Andrew throwing out black lead? Because his best friend, Victor, has abandoned him and left him in such a state as the family's current residence with his twisting, twisting, and the economic, vaguely shoddy Cousin Katherine. The summer house is said to be damaged by trouble agents from Thomas Hardy's novel: "At last today Victor had said, 'I loved this house, through the heat when you not been the greatest one, and he told me, not to be outside, and, 'Jack had a bright night.' " *The Catherine Wheel* takes cracking delight in the clutter of life, from the banal to the sublime. Katherine's room, the wreckage of the local black swan's hair, "spilled in its tatters with wheels and broken springs, the skeletons of slugs, old lanterns, splashed crickets, rat-chewed lending cards." And the goose, pretty as it is, never dashes on the road's long as a circle of lightning.

*The Catherine Wheel* is more than a name-scattered rattle of remembrance and whimsical humor. As an title indicates, the novel revolves on the spinners of a constricting symbol. "The Catherine wheel" refers not only to the spinning top, but to the wheel of fire as it is a Jewish sun party but to the wheel of good on which noble lives are broken. *The Catherine Wheel* takes its name from the spiral torture wheel on which Saint Catherine of Alexandria was martyred. The example of Stafford's novel in its undisciplined prose and sturdiness, the book is never crushed under the

metaphorical weight of its symbolism.

Not only is *The Catherine Wheel* a handsomely accomplished work of art, but it serves to re-open the Jean Stafford case. Stafford, who died in 1959, is one of the truly great understated. Her collected stories were widely praised, and one of her uncollected stories—"An Indian of Poets," a study diagnosed account of her tempestuous marriage to Robert Lowell—set off deep charges in readers' minds when it was published in *The New Yorker* in 1971. She also served a brief stint as a book reviewer in these pages. But for some reason, when the names of American writers are listed off—Malcolm X, Joyce, Updike, Bellow, Oates, McCarty, et cetera—her name is conspicuously absent. Perhaps Jean Stafford's reputation needs a central work to which a place for her in the ranks of the canon. Well, if the publication of *The Catherine Wheel* doesn't inspire her a top-flight berth, I don't know what will.

**TORY PARSONS'S** *Platinum Logic* (Doubleday Paperback Originals, \$9.95) is an other one of those blood-spitting, look-back-in-anger affairs about the whirling excursions of the rock music industry. Like Stephen Holden's 1971 fictional exposé, *Friday, February*, Parsons' novel is first-class in its attempt to insert a critique of rock capitalism into the skin of a pulp sausage. All the familiar rock-cult tropes are here: bad complexion, cocaine-clogged nostrils, gold chains clinking against tully shirts, furrowed brows under the distillable, ghoulish shadows, and precisely bad dialogue ("Let's go on, Lane said, 'I think I prefer your maniacs to your machine-drum'"). Certainly, Parsons, like Holden, claims the deepest shades of disgust not when he writes about drugs or corporate capitalism when he writes about sex: "I do like you, Lane..." Gone, drained, about-somewhat reaching inside. Margie's first shot is the rolled-a-joint and rubbing a apple between thumb and index finger as if it was "warty beads." Not only is Parsons' erotic imagination warped with rising desire, but (as the just-cited sentence indicates) he has no flair for tone, rhythm, flow, or wit. *Platinum Logic* is worth attending to only because its author, a redneck English rock critic, has been praised in his homeland by critics who should know better (Greene Fink, for example) as one of pop criticism's most daring writers. *Platinum Logic* is stinky, but the stink is red-faced and cracked, the walls of a well-deserved, when it's all.

ALICE WILCOUGH columns appear monthly in *ESQUIRE* magazine.

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